This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

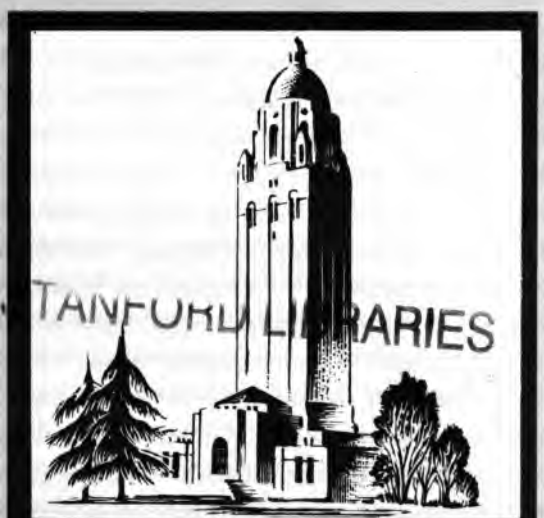
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Stanford University Libraries
6105 120 329 409

els of an Unofficial Attaché



HOOVER INSTITUTION
on War, Revolution, and Peace

FOUNDED BY HERBERT HOOVER, 1919

Acquired through the
Stanford University Library

Francis B. Loomis.

STANFORD LIBRARIES

THE TRAVELS

OF

AN UNOFFICIAL ATTACHÉ

General Jesse M. Lee and Mr. Wiborg under duramen tree,
Prang Prang, Mindanao

THE TRAVELS

OF

AN UNOFFICIAL ATTACHÉ

DESCRIBED IN SIMPLE NARRATIVE
FOR HIS FRIENDS

BY

FRANK WIBORG

PRIVATELY PRINTED
1904

STANFORD LIBRARIES

G149
W38

Copyright, 1904
By Frank Wiborg

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

TO

LIEUTENANT GENERAL NELSON A. MILES AND MRS. MILES

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MARION P. MAUS AND MRS. MAUS

MR. HENRY CLARK ROUSE, MR. CHARLES SHERMAN

HOYT, AND LIEUTENANT COLONEL

HENRY H. WHITNEY

MY COMPANIONS OF THE JOURNEY

I DEDICATE THIS LITTLE BOOK

ACKNOWLEDGING TO THEM MY GRATEFUL APPRECIATION

OF THE MANY COURTESIES SHOWN ME

Foreword

LATE in the summer of 1902, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., was ordered by the President to proceed to the Philippines on a trip of inspection of the military department of the Archipelago. Later he was ordered to Japan and Pekin, China, on a similar mission. From Pekin the General was authorized to return to military headquarters at Washington by any route he might select, and he decided, though in mid-winter, to go from Pekin via the Trans-Siberian Railroad to St. Petersburg, thence, via England, to New York.

General Miles, an old personal friend with whom I made several previous tours, was so kind as to invite me to become one of his party. To the opportunity thus afforded I owe the recollection of a series of experiences such as few are permitted to enjoy. A world-tour is a rare

treat even to the most fortunate. To circumnavigate the globe as one of the party of the official representative of the United States, being received everywhere with the pomp and ceremony due to the commanding officer of the military forces of a great nation, is a privilege beyond compare.

The author makes no claim to recognition as a writer of books, nor is this little volume issued with any pretense of literary skill. All that has been attempted within the limits of these pages has been to preserve a souvenir of this fascinating journey, and to share with my friends such measure of enjoyment as the narration of some of the most unique and interesting of my experiences can furnish.

My purpose herein is not to give such details as a tourists' guide-book could present in better form, but to tell the simple story of our whirl around the world, preserving what I can of local color and presenting the kaleidoscopic views which my memory retains. No attempt has been made to preserve the proper proportions of historic values, but rather to present, in

familiar phrase, the impressions which have remained most clearly in my own mind.

Wherever comments or reflections, economic, social, or political, are offered, they are to be taken, like the rest of the book, personally, *i. e.*, they are my own impressions and may not (in some instances they do not) coincide with the judgment of my companions.

F. B. W.

CONTENTS

	Page
Honolulu	9
Honolulu to Guam	19
Guam	23
Manila	31
A Day in the Streets of Manila	55
Along the Dagupan Railway	62
Cruise among the Southern Islands	67
Sultan of Sulu no longer a Subject of Uncle Sam	90
Hong-Kong	132
Hong-Kong to Canton	138
Japan	152
Port Arthur	165
Ching Wang Tao to Pekin	172
Pekin	179
An Audience with their Majesties, the Dowager Empress and the Emperor of China	181
From Pekin to New Chwang	215
Crossing the Lian-ho River	224
A Tragedy	243
St. Petersburg	250
Berlin	256
London	261

ILLUSTRATIONS

General Jesse M. Lee and Mr. Wiborg under duramen tree, Prang Prang, Mindanao . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Map of Route . . . . . *Facing page* 8

Market Place, Siassi
Moro Boys, Siassi } . . . . . „ „ 84

General Miles at Camp Vickers . . . . . „ „ 100

Old Spanish Gate, Subig Bay, Luzon . . . „ „ 128

Bumboats, Nagasaki . . . . . „ „ 152

Arch in front of Main Gate, Pekin . . . . „ „ 180

Russian Soldier. Taken at a way-station in Manchuria . . . . . „ „ 216

Ox-cart. Taken at a way-station in Manchuria . . . . . „ „ 232

Place Rouge, Moscow . . . . . „ „ 248

An Unofficial Attaché

THE generous and sunny nature of the people of San Francisco was most delightfully evidenced on the day of our departure on the United States army transport "Thomas," October 1, 1902. Many personal friends of General and Mrs. Miles came aboard to wish us *bon voyage*. Officers from the army and navy posts in the vicinity of San Francisco were present with the ladies of their families, and a merry throng in holiday attire crowded the wharf and shore. Lying out in the harbor, almost in a direct line with the "Thomas," was the United States first-class cruiser "Oregon," in "full dress," every man on the ship in position, in order to give the commanding general of the army an appropriate farewell salute.

As our transport left her moorings, the shore batteries thundered forth a salute of fifteen guns, which was repeated by the "Oregon"; a regimental band on the shore struck up "The Girl I left behind me," and the great throng

of people on the wharf shouted and cheered and waved farewells.

And then we sailed out through the Golden Gate on the boundless peace of the Pacific. Though we were destined to be cheered and saluted at almost every stopping-place on our entire trip, there was no salutation more cordial and no godspeed more hearty than that which followed us as we left the harbor of San Francisco.

There is a subtle and mysterious fascination in the wide solitude of the Pacific. The absolute serenity of this ocean seems to be but another manifestation of its vastness. And as its days and nights succeed each other, lengthening out into weeks, and all alike, — illimitable water, bounded and arched by the immeasurable vault of the sky, water and sky alike placid, unruffled, and tropically hot, — the inland-bred traveller finds himself dazed by this monotonous round. When we had steamed for twenty-nine days without sighting a ship or other evidence of human life, we came to understand the seaman's dread of fire or accident on the Pacific. On the Atlantic there is always a strong probability that refugees in the small boats will be picked up by some passing ship.

To be adrift on the Pacific usually means to face the horrors of slow death by starvation and thirst.

One morning, a few days after we had left the Golden Gate, the wonted silence of the ship was broken by the brazen clang of a bell on the starboard side of the deck. This was repeated from other bells fore and aft, in every department of the vessel, from the upper decks to the hold. Simultaneously with the ringing of the bells we heard the quick, short words of command from the boat's officers, and a hurrying of the crew to positions on duty. All hands — engineers, gunners, mechanics, seamen, and waiters, stewards — responded to the alarm of the fire bell, and in the winking of an eye the lines of hose were run out, pumps were set in place, and the fire-drill was on. These fire-drills were repeated several times during our voyage and were interesting displays of the skill and discipline maintained aboard an army transport. Taking all things into consideration, I am quite contented that the element of fire was omitted from the drill, though it would doubtless have added considerably to the realism of the scene.

Another morning the cry "man overboard"

was heard on the port side. In incredibly short time the signals were passed throughout the vessel. Engines were reversed and the ship came to a dead stop, then turned back on her track. Meantime, the life-saving crew had appeared as if by magic. The boats were lowered and manned and shot away from the vessel's side toward an object scarcely visible above the surface of the water. Presto! The drenched form was pulled aboard; the boats were returned to the side of the ship, and drawn up into their places. The dummy is stowed away until the next time a drowning is deemed necessary; the life-saving crew disappear into their quarters below; the vessel is righted, and we speed on toward our goal. The whole episode, from the time of the first alarm until all is righted and the decks are again in order, has occupied but twenty minutes.

Oftentimes of mornings we lounged on deck and enjoyed the exhibition of the skill of our gunners at target practice. A soap-box was cast overboard and the small rapid-fire guns of the ship were aimed and fired at the floating target as it bobbed up and down on the ruffled path in our wake. Every turn of the screw took us further from the mark, and every charge

was fired from a different elevation to that of the preceding shot. This was continued as long as the target remained visible on the surface of the ocean. The marksmanship of these gunners is marvellous, and furnished a good example of what is meant by the "skill of the man behind the gun."

The commander of the "Thomas" favored our party almost daily with a call at seven bells, which means, in landlubber's parlance, half-past eleven o'clock in the forenoon. At these meetings in the commander's quarters on the upper deck we had opportunity to go over the running of the previous day, the weather conditions, and the small-talk of the ship. These very pleasant social gatherings were enjoyed by the ladies as well as by the men of our party, and by other passengers on the boat. On these occasions some light refreshments were offered.

The captain told us an amusing story of a colored trooper, who had never before seen the ocean, aboard a transport bound for the Philippines. When the vessel, on a previous trip, had been some two weeks from port without sighting a single sail, and nothing but water, water, everywhere, his chagrin could no longer be

restrained. Approaching the captain, he came to attention and then said, "Captain, I have made a cackillation and de goggerfies is all wrong. When I was a little boy at school dey teached me dat the wuld am two-firds water and one-fird land. Dat am de mistake. De wuld am nine-tenths water and one-tenth land and dem goggerfy books had orter be crected. I 'se seen it myself since leaving Frisco."

The colored trooper may have been amiss in his "calculations," but our party agreed after so many days on the Pacific that the "goggerfies" have understated the relative amount of water in the composition of this planet.

Another trooper on the same trip is reported to have approached an officer one morning about ten days out from port. "Lieutenant," said he, "I 'se in bad luck. When I left Frisco, a fren gave me a bottle of whiskey to take wid me, an' I promised dat I would only take a drink outen it wheneber we seed anuder ship. It 's going on two weeks now, sah, and dis nigger am gettin' powerful thirsty." Fortunately for our party, we did not number our refreshments by the passing vessels.

The following facsimile of a menu card is

given merely as a sample of the excellent dinner service we enjoyed on board the "Thomas."

SUBSISTENCE DEPARTMENT

U. S. (FLAG) ARMY
Wednesday October 28, 1902

TRANSPORT "THOMAS"

MENU

DINNER

Olives

Soup Cream of Cauliflower
Fish Boiled Rock Cod Sauce Hollandaise
Boiled Smoked Tongue, with Spinach

Entrees Ox Tail Sauté, au Madeira
Fricassee of Lamb, with Cauliflower
Macaroni-Italienne
Peach Fritters, with Wine Sauce
Roasts Prime Rib of Beef, au Jus
Sucking Pig, with Apple Sauce

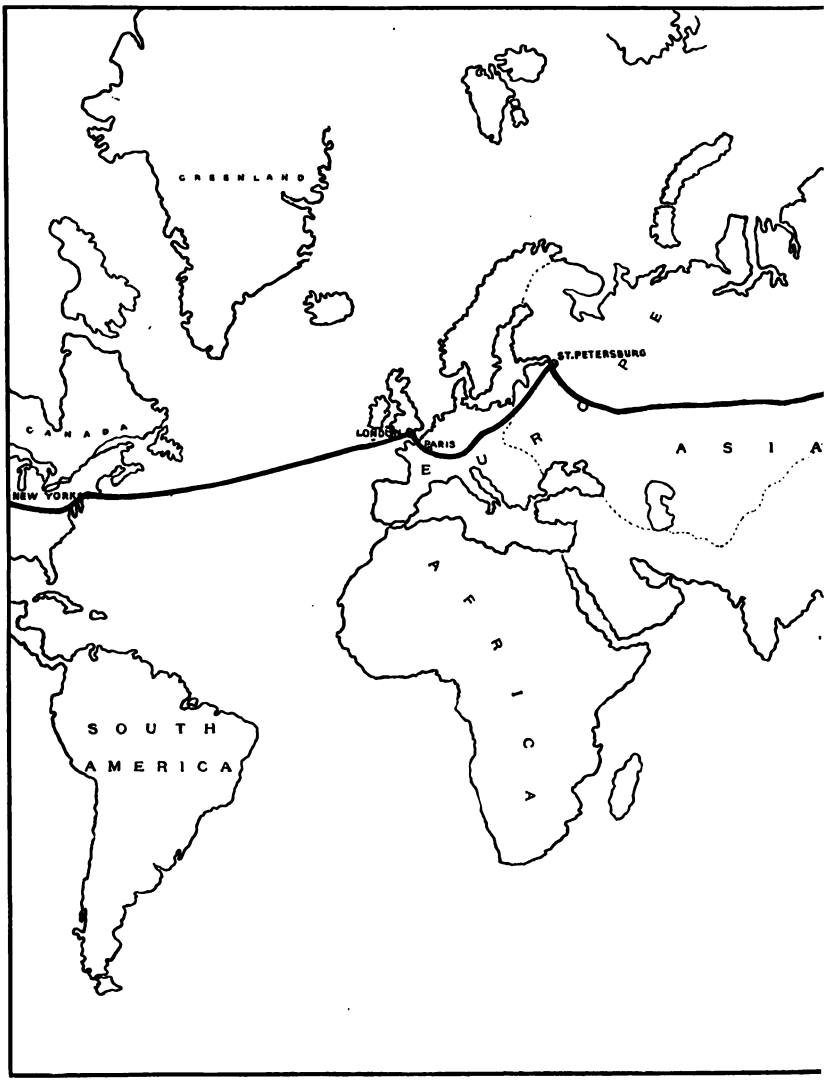
Vegetables

Stewed Tomatoes Mashed Pumpkins
Baked, Mashed, and Plain Boiled Potatoes

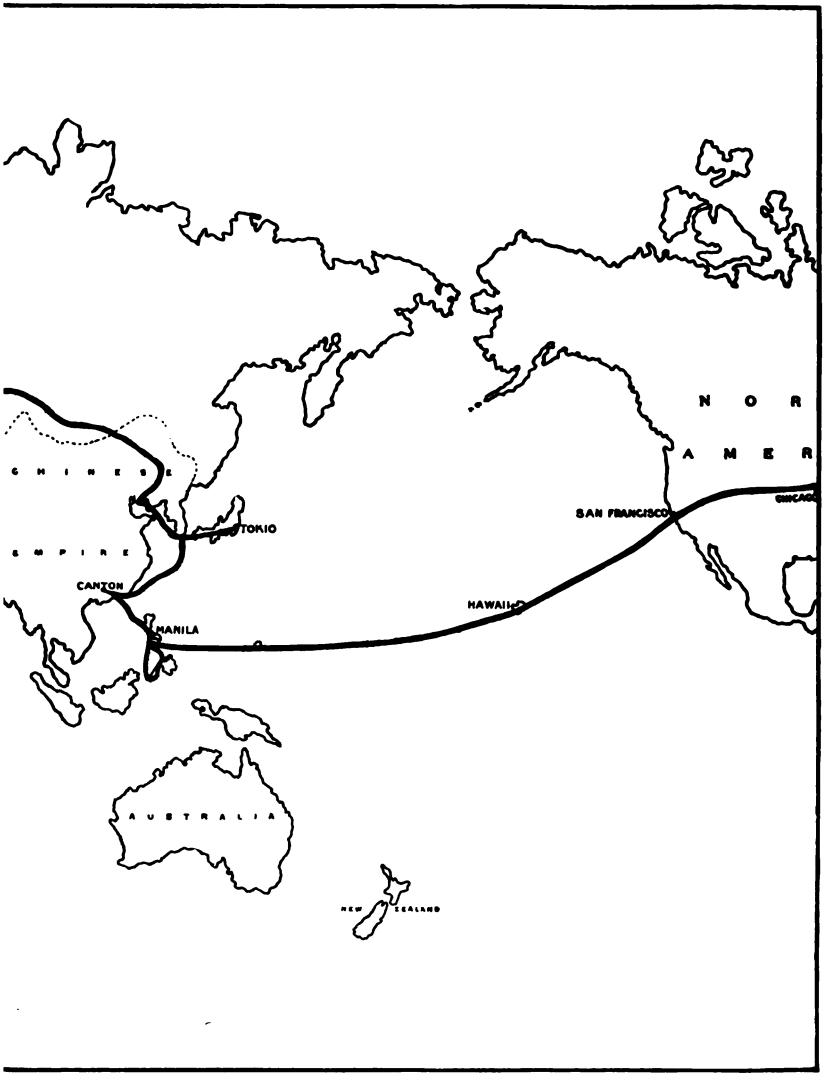
Dessert

Black Cap Pudding, with Strawberry Sauce
Pineapple Ice Cream Peach Pie
Pound Cake Jelly Rolls Macaroons
Cheese Straws Crackers and Cheese
Assorted Fruit Iced Tea and Coffee

Although we made sleeping and eating the principal business of our days and nights aboard the "Thomas," we not infrequently worked up a genuine enthusiasm over a game of skittles, or horse billiards, on deck. I have since marvelled that a party of grown men, in full possession of their mental faculties and passing among their fellows as sane and rational beings, could become excited over the pathetically trivial game of skittles, but I am inclined to suspect that "mumble-the-peg" or "Simon says thumbs up" might become a veritable orgy, were the Pacific a little broader, skittles being barred.


GREENLAND
CANADA
NEW YORK
LONDON
PARIS
ST.PETERSBURG
EUROPE
ASIA
AFRICA
SOUTH
AMERICA

Map o


N O R
A M E R
C H I N E S E
E M P I R E
TOKIO
SAN FRANCISCO
CANTON
HAWAII
MANILA
AUSTRALIA
NEW ZEALAND

Route

HONOLULU

LATE in the forenoon of October 9th, nine days since we had seen our last glimpse of land, we stood in eager expectation, well to the fore of the boat, and all eyes straining straight ahead to catch the first welcome view of the land which we knew must soon greet us. When one has been four weeks at sea, a sight of land is about the most welcome thing imaginable. Presently the cry, "Land ahead!" was raised, and then, almost simultaneously, the different members of our party, peering through their glasses, discerned a small black spot clearly outlined on the horizon. As we sped on, this rock seemed verily to be rising up out of the sea. We soon saw other peaks lifting their rugged heads from the placid ocean into the blue dome of the tropical sky. Then the outlines became clearer. We noted thin veils of gray smoke floating from the crests of various volcanoes which stood like lazy giants leisurely smoking their pipes of peace. The absolute

serenity of the scene was beautiful. Presently we steamed almost in the shadow of Diamond Head, thence into the quiet harbor of Honolulu. Truly this is the El Dorado for which the cavaliers of old sought so long in vain, — this is the land of fruit and flowers and perpetual summer.

As the "Thomas" came to her slip the entire garrison of Honolulu, drawn up on the dock, gave General Miles and his party a hearty salute. A great crowd of sight-seers cheered our arrival, and awaited our landing with eager friendliness. Scarce had we left the gang-planks, when each and every one of us was surrounded by good-natured, laughing crowds who threw long garlands of sweet flowers about our necks and shoulders, and placed wreaths upon our heads. This is known as "the placing of the Leis," a native custom and of general observance in the Hawaiian Islands. The Leis is worn on occasions of public or private rejoicing, — birthdays, weddings, and the like, — and this sweet ceremonial, one of the simple, daily practices in these islands, impressed me as the most beautiful, the most absolutely charming and innocent custom of rejoicing which I ever saw. So general is this observance that it is not uncommon to see a cab-driver or working-man

going about his daily task with a garland on his hat in commemoration of some home festival, — the birth of a child or the anniversary of his marriage or birthday.

Thus decorated we climbed into waiting United States army Doherty wagons, — capacious army carryalls so familiar on our western plains. In this manner, accompanied by a guard of honor made up of a few of the officers and ladies of the post, we took our way through the heart of the city to the "Royal Hawaiian Hotel."

This fascinating hostelry is a veritable bower of tropical plants and flowers. The building itself reminds one of a summer resort of the most attractive kind in Florida or Southern California; but the luxurious freedom of the plants, shrubs, and trees about the grounds far surpasses anything of the kind in our country. The service at the Royal Hawaiian is of the best, and the management is strictly up-to-date. The splashing fountains fill the intermissions of the orchestral music with a restful murmur, charming eye and ear. The sense of smell is grateful to each gentle breeze which comes laden with the sweet odors of palm and orchid, never strong, but always fresh and pure.

It is difficult for the traveller, accustomed to the artificiality of hotel life in America and Europe, to realize that he is here at a great commercial hotel in the business centre of a thriving and busy city of some forty thousand population.

Yet a few steps from the hotel bring us into streets, noisy like our own with the clang of gongs on trolley cars and with the hurly-burly of trade and industry. In most respects, Honolulu is not unlike the average western American city of like number of inhabitants. There is about the place a pervasive air of general contentment and moderate prosperity, though but little evidence of great wealth. English is spoken on the streets and in the markets, and I have noted that the general adoption of the English language always means the eventual, if not the immediate, civilization of a country. The native has been almost entirely assimilated into the Americanized population of the islands. Passing along the streets of Honolulu one cannot fail to notice the pleasing fact that every house, no matter how poor or cheap, is gay with flowers or shaded with palms. The people of these islands are, for the most part, simple and generous in disposition, light-hearted, gay, sympathetic, and full of the love of the beautiful.

Americanized though they be, they are not yet so far commercialized as to have no time for those amenities which make life sweet and render pleasant the daily intercourse of trade and business.

The mountains about Honolulu are picturesque to a degree, and many points of interest are within a few miles of the city. Among these the "Punchbowl" and the "Pali" are the most wonderful of nature's creations. The Punchbowl is the crater of an extinct volcano, — a deep valley cupped out of the very peak of the mountain, when the volcanic fires within the rugged monster ceased to vomit forth their smoke and lava thousands of years ago. The serried sides of the mountains are now dotted with tropical vegetation. The crest, a great circle like the rim of a huge bowl, is densely overgrown with palms and ferns and a rank luxury of fauna and flora unknown to us. Within the hollow of the bowl the receding lava has left a beautiful valley, over which the kindly Pacific summers have spread a rich deposit of soil, now almost entirely under cultivation, and dotted here and there with cocoanut and date palms. The view from the edge of the crater is magnificent. Standing here and

looking down over the peaceful valley and fair city below, one realizes that here, in the days of which we have no record of man's doings, nature was in labor to bring forth new worlds for unborn generations of the sons of men to dwell upon in peace and content. Upon the dead ashes of those primordial fires the suns and rains of kindly centuries have spread their blessings, until they blossom like one vast garden in the fairy-land of our childhood dreams.

The Pali is a vast cliff, some two thousand feet in sheer, precipitous descent, fronting out toward the ocean, which roars and foams beneath. The grandeur of the scene from this elevation beggars description. This was the last battle-ground in the war which was waged by King Kamahameha against the seven kings who held authority over seven other islands in the Hawaiian group. After a brave fight in the lowlands about the city of Honolulu, the allies were driven along the mountain passes into the plateau of the Pali. Here further retreat was impossible, and the victorious Kamahameha, forcing his enemies back to the edges of the cliff, bade his victims choose their own doom, — absolute surrender to his mercy, or death by the swords of his soldiers. The defeated

band, brave in battle, were no less brave in defeat. Perhaps their experience had taught them what measure of mercy they might expect from Kamahameha. Submit, they would not, and facing about toward the precipice, the little army rushed forward to meet death face to face, not deigning to give their conqueror the satisfaction of driving them to their doom, and with one defiant cry of unconquerable valor they plunged over the cliff to the rocks, a thousand feet below.

Verily, there have been brave men who knew how to die at Pali as well as at Thermopylae!

From one of our sight-seeing tours we went by trolley to a place on the coast where the surf-bathing is said to be the finest in the world. Though its water is too warm to be as exhilarating as our northern sea bathing, the surf has a roll and swell that are grand. The natives paddle queer little canoes far out from the shore, and the daring bather perches himself on the frail craft and awaits the return start. The native boatman watches for his chance, and at the nick of time he twists his canoe deftly to ride the crest of an extra large wave. The novice passenger holds his breath as he is shot forward, literally on the crest of the waves. It

is great sport and fine physical exercise. Occasionally a breaker leaps up onto the sandy beach, spilling canoe and passenger unceremoniously on the shore or in the shallow water and pounding them with a great bulk of foamy surf.

Returning to the hotel, we enjoyed a delicious dinner, including *poi*, — a sort of porridge much in favor with the natives, — which no American or European hotel could surpass in general excellence of preparation or service. Native musicians played for our entertainment, and as we sat about the table over our coffee and cigars, native negro minstrels sang for us, and native dancers went through the queer mazes of old-time Hawaiian dances.

Later in the evening an informal reception was held in honor of General and Mrs. Miles. Music and dancing followed.

On one of the smaller islands, about forty miles from Honolulu, is located the Leper Settlement, made up of between two and three thousand lepers, doomed to pay the awful penalty of the sins of their ancestors. Verily, the sins of the parents are "visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation." Mark Twain, in his book, "Following

the Equator," writes as follows concerning the dread place: "You would scarcely expect to find in that awful Leper Settlement, a custom worthy to be transplanted to your own country. They have one such, and it is inexpressibly touching and beautiful. When death sets open the prison doors of life there, their band salutes the freed soul with a burst of glad music."

On the second day of our visit to Hawaii we took a trip by boat along the coast and up to the new naval station of Pearl Harbor.

The entrance to Pearl Harbor is through a very narrow channel, scarcely visible from the sea, and easily protected in time of hostilities. Passing through this gateway the course is winding and tortuous for a considerable distance. Presently, however, the waters widen and the ship sails into a haven wonderfully peaceful. So deep is the water that vessels of the largest draft can move with greatest ease and freedom, and almost tie up to the shore. So sheltered is the harbor that even the most violent of ocean storms cannot endanger the safety of any ship within its kindly confines.

All too brief was our visit at Hawaii, and it was with real regret that we departed thence. A more delightful spot I never hope to find,

a more simple, good, and kindly people I know not, than those in the "Paradise of the Pacific," — Honolulu. And as we re-embarked to continue our voyage on the "Thomas," we went out laden again with Leis, the flower-wreath of Hawaiian hospitality.

HONOLULU TO GUAM

AS the "Thomas" steamed away from Honolulu we settled ourselves for the tedium of another fortnight on the tropical sea. But the brief stoppage had refreshed us and had given us the sense of having really begun our tour of foreign lands. The pleasant recollections of Hawaii gave rise to keen anticipation of new and wonderful experiences yet to come. The climate became hotter with every league we put behind us. In vain we changed from thin clothing to thinner; the intense heat of the tropics seemed to envelope us in stifling folds. Fanned by the breezes of our own swift-moving ship, at night we found some rest by bunking on the open deck.

Among the passengers aboard the transport I frequently noticed a group of well-dressed, jaunty-looking men in civilian costume who seemed to constitute a social centre, as it were, among the enlisted men and other passengers on the lower decks. They were all good-look-

ing fellows and very "swagger," with an air of genial good-humor which seemed to be contagious. Their presence aboard the army transport proclaimed them to be commissioned on some kind of government business, yet clearly they were not soldiers nor doctors. Somehow I found myself assuming that they must be nurses bound for service in the Philippines. But my theory was rudely exploded one day when, on making inquiry of the captain, I was informed that my jaunty friends were *undertakers*, sent over to the Philippines to exhume and return to the United States the bodies of such of our soldier boys who had lost their lives serving their country in our eastern possessions.

On the night of Wednesday, October 16, 1902, five days after our departure from Honolulu, the "Thomas" crossed the 180th meridian, the birthplace of the days. Our party was loyal to the time-honored custom of Pacific seamen, and held high carnival as the vessel crossed the line. Amidships, under the open sky, fluttered the flags of all nations and ample festoons of gay-colored bunting. The deck had been prepared like the floor of a ball-room, and the ship's musicians lured the light fantastic toe. Thus, with much merriment, we

danced the lancers and the familiar round of waltzes. I remember that Mrs. Miles was my gracious partner for the "Virginia Reel." Altogether the evening was most delightful, and the hour was late when our merriment ceased and we went to our rooms to sleep.

Now just here occurred the most disturbing incident of our whole journey. We went to bed (in good order too) on the evening of October 16th. We opened our eyes to the sunshine of Friday, October 18th. Thursday, October 17th, slipped past us unawares, somewhere in the darkness of the night. Perhaps it is still drifting about the wastes of the tropical Pacific, waiting to be picked up by some passing ship. Be that as it may, that is one day of my life which I have missed entirely. It skipped me altogether. Some facetious friend has insinuated that it is not necessary to go half-way round the globe to have the experience of going to sleep after an evening's merriment not to awaken until the next day has spent itself; but this I regard as an insinuation not worthy of notice. It was also hard for me to understand that when we stood at longitude 164° 14′ East, latitude 18° 12″ North, at noon on October 20th, it was 6.45 P.M. of yesterday

(October 19th) at Cincinnati. Yet such was the case, as I was informed by our captain.

On Sunday, October 19th, we experienced the only rough weather of the entire Pacific trip. The sea ran high and very rough. The wind blew in a gale and whipped the ocean into a white foam. The "Thomas" plunged and tossed at a rate calculated to strike awe into the heart of the landlubber. But most of our party were in no mood to revel in the majesty of the storm. Strange as it may seem, all religious services on board the "Thomas" were omitted that day — as were all meals and practically every other customary assemblage of passengers. There are times when it is best to be alone.

Fortunately for me I have become immune against *mal-de-mer*, and consequently I was able to drink in the glorious exhilaration of the storm, which was, in fact, the tail end of a Pacific cyclone.

GUAM

EARLY in the morning of October 25th the "Thomas" anchored in the harbor of Guam, the principal island of the Mariana or Caroline Group, commonly spoken of as the Ladrones. This last appellation, however, the people of the islands resent, inasmuch as the word Ladrone means *thief*. The story is told that one of the early navigators having explored a short distance inland on one of these islands returned to his landing place to find that the small boat in which he had come from his ship had been stolen by a band of natives. The wary marauders made good their retreat and secured their plunder, to the great disgust of the explorer, who thereupon entered those islands on the chart of his tour as the *Ladrones* or Thieves Islands.

At the landing there is no town worthy of the name, a few straggling Nipa huts being the only evidence of settlement. These were the first examples I had ever seen of that

method of architecture so general in the Philippines and other tropical countries of the Orient.

The construction of the Nipa hut is charmingly simple. Four large posts are driven into the ground at the four corners of the proposed building. These posts often extend twenty-eight or thirty feet into the air. A roof of thatch is built over the area included in this space, and the builder then works downward, siding, and finally flooring, his aerial domicile. The floor is several feet above the ground level, from ten to fifteen feet being the average height. The occupants climb into their nest either by means of a ladder or by a crude stairway not unlike those in use by the Pueblo Indians. The entire structure is of bamboo, from roof to floor. In the commoner huts the floors are merely bamboo sticks lashed together and forming a rough, uneven surface. The cracks in such a floor are ample for the disposition of any scraps or garbage that may accumulate from the family larder. The thrifty housewife therefore needs merely to sweep and to cram the scraps and refuse food through the floor, when the chickens and other domestic fowl may share them with the goats which are sheltered "downstairs."

From this primitive shanty the evolution of the Nipa hut is most interesting. Some of the buildings of the better class are two stories in height, with many rooms and hallways and ample verandas, and are, in all essential regards, comfortable and commodious. In their best houses the floors are conspicuously beautiful, being inlaid with a sort of parquetry of strong and tastefully woven bamboo mattings.

An amusing incident of the Spanish-American war occurred here at Guam. One of the ships of Admiral Dewey's fleet was preparing to bombard the town and fort of Agonia, the capital and principal town. As a preliminary warning, the captain ordered that a single shot be fired toward the city, which lies some seven miles from the coast. The governor of the island, in response to this hostile demonstration, hurried to the shore and was taken aboard in the ship's launch. He regretted exceedingly, he explained, that he was unable to return in kind the gracious salute of the passing American vessel, but inasmuch as there was no ammunition on the island he was obliged to forego this privilege. When he was told that the shot had been a hostile one, and that the United States and His Majesty the King of Spain were at

war, his astonishment was marvellous to behold. Of course, there was nothing for him to do but to surrender, which he did cheerfully and unconditionally.

Guam is now connected with the world by the new Pacific cable, and it is valuable to the United States principally as a cable station and a coaling place.

Disembarking on the sandy shore we were met by the queerest-looking vehicles I had ever set eyes upon. Malay boys were perched on the front of these diminutive carryalls, and in the rope-traces were hitched little bulls. Most of these vehicles did not possess shafts in the sense in which we use the word, but the patient bull trudged along at the side of a single shaft or tongue. In other cases, two rough-chopped poles, disproportionately long, extended out in front, and the clumsy "Pegasus" trotted cheerfully along between them. The seats consisted of a single plank running lengthwise of the cart at each side, with another board for the driver across the front. On some of the carts the seats ran along the centre facing outward, so that the passengers sat back to back as in Irish jaunting cars. A small victoria, the only carriage on the island, was provided for General

and Mrs. Miles. And thus we rode in style over the hard, white road of sea-shells from the harbor of the city of Ahonia. This primitive town of Nipa huts and a few old Spanish buildings, barracks, churches, and the like, constructed of brick and plaster, contains a population of some three thousand, white, brown, and yellow. Nesting so high above the ground in their Nipa huts, the people secure some measure of immunity from the miasmatic fevers which seem to be exhaled from the surface of the earth after sunset. But the island itself is subject to frequent attacks of ague-chills which make it shiver and shake in a manner most distressing. The week before our arrival had experienced one of those tropical earthquakes of unusual violence and duration. Many buildings in the town were completely demolished, and the entire town was wofully damaged. The United States garrison, though badly shaken up, suffered no loss of life. An American coaling ship in the harbor took a frightful lunge and careened to such an extent that the captain thought his vessel was sharing the fate of the ill-starred "Maine" at Havana, and was preparing to abandon the sinking ship. After this first violent shock, however, the vessel righted her-

self, and it was discovered that the only damage wrought was in the steward's department, where every single piece of glass and china-ware was shattered.

However, it would seem that nothing short of an earthquake could disturb the placid indolence of Guam. Rich in all the natural resources of a tropical land, producing cocoanuts, dates, bananas, and other fruits, sugar and rice, Guam should not only be capable of maintaining itself, but, under the influence of modern methods, the island ought to become of real value. But the withering blight of Oriental indolence and the enervating influence of the climate combine to prevent anything like a healthy growth in civilization, material or intellectual.

The island was utilized by the American Government as a political prison for the safekeeping of such of the Filipino irreconcilables as the fortunes of guerilla warfare placed in our hands. Here I met Mabino, the Secretary of State to the so-called Aguinaldo Government. Mabino impressed me as the most intellectual Filipino I encountered. By all standards of judging men I should consider him greatly the superior of Aguinaldo, whom I met later at Manila.

An Unofficial Attaché

A helpless paralytic, though comparatively young in years, Mabino held himself proudly in his banishment, and the whole bearing of the man proclaimed him to be a person of distinction and of character. He was one of those rare individuals who leave their impress upon the mind of every one who comes within the range of their mental activity.

Our journey around the world brought us into the presence of many of the notables of diverse lands, but this lonely exile of Guam left in my mind an impress of true greatness, by comparison with which the pomp and pageantry of some crowned royalty is as sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal.

Wherever the Stars and Stripes float over faraway lands there will be found soldier boys homesick, homesick, homesick. But nowhere have I seen a detachment of American soldiers so utterly, hopelessly homesick as those stationed at Agonia. There is no excitement of war to keep them on the *qui vive*, no incentive to action, and no legitimate channel for the healthful exercise of mind and body which makes the life of the soldier tolerable. Though the Army and Navy Club provides some entertainment for the officers stationed at Agonia,

the arrival of a transport bringing letters and papers from home is the only event of interest to the enlisted men; and time drags wearily. One day at Guam was enough, and I was not sorry that evening when we returned to the ship in an army ambulance placed in commission as an omnibus. The idea of leaving Guam in an ambulance appealed strongly to our sense of fitness.

Honolulu is the Paradise of the Pacific; Guam is at least the Purgatory.

MANILA

ON the thirtieth day of October, the "Thomas" entered the straits of San Bernardino. The course through the strait is twisted and tortuous, and so shallow that the seamanship of our pilot was put to an exacting test. Hugging the shore, now on this side, now on that, it seemed that our vessel must surely scrape bottom. But presently the great Corrigidor light appeared standing solitary on its rocky promontory. Then we entered the narrow channel which opens into the circle of Manila Bay. Almost in front of our bows nestled the ancient city of Manila, her ample harbor crowded with the ships of many nations. To our right, closely discernible along the shore, a few white cottages indicated the location of Cavite. Scattered along near the shore for a distance of several miles the wrecks of the Spanish armada bore evidence of the passing of Spanish authority forever from the land of the Filipino. Here I counted no less

than a dozen battered hulks, half submerged in the shallow bay, mute evidences of Dewey's victory and of the beginning of a better day for the Philippines.

The sun was setting as we dropped anchor, and the salute which greeted us was the sunset gun. On shore, somewhere in the distance, we heard the stirring refrain of the Star Spangled Banner. Owing to the lateness of the hour, and to the quarantine regulations, we did not leave the ship until the following morning. However, our arrival had been expected, and a number of prominent military officers, together with a representative of Governor Taft, came aboard that night to welcome us to Manila, and to offer our party the hospitality of their city and of their homes.

Almost at break of the following day we were astir, and preparing to take our final leave of the "Thomas," and to resume, for a few weeks at least, the more eventful life ashore. But one more little incident of the sea remained to put a pleasing *finis* to our life aboard.

In the golden sunlight the entire fleet of American vessels at the naval station across the bay headed their course toward our anchorage, and, in gay procession, glided swiftly and grace-

fully in formal line to greet the commanding officer of the army. Halting at respectful distance, the flagship of Rear Admiral Wildes gave the proper signal, and the huge guns of the squadron woke the echoes of the bay with thunderous welcome. Then the steam launches bearing the admiral and his staff, and those of the officers of various ships, sped to the side of the "Thomas."

Thus the navy saluted the army, — a ceremony observed in full-dress uniform and with a certain formal dignity which did not in the least detract from its cordiality. The little reception on board the "Thomas" was soon over; the launches returned to their ships; the colors dipped to salute the general, and the fleet steamed back across the bay to Cavite, the naval headquarters. Soon after this our party bade good-bye to the "Thomas" and her crew, and, embarking in the launches which came to take us ashore, we came merrily to the landing place.

At the wharf, General Miles and his party were accorded a reception which was genuinely American in its cordiality and in military ceremony. Four troops of cavalry and two or three companies of infantry formed an escort of

honor. The general, mounted on a fine horse and attended by his staff and the commanding officers of the troops quartered in and about Manila, rode at the head of the procession. Carriages were provided for the ladies and the civilian members of the party. In other vehicles were prominent civil authorities and notables of Manila.

To the martial music of a regimental band our detachment took its way from the wharf into the heart of the old walled city, the nucleus around which Manila has grown into a great cosmopolis of some two hundred and fifty thousand souls.

The old town is very picturesque with its Spanish architecture, buildings of stone, plaster and tile; here one may imagine himself in some corner of old Madrid or Seville. The square-built houses, with the open courts or *patios* in the centre, revealed glimpses of splashing fountains and leafy palms. The latticed windows suggest tales of cavalier and signorita, and of the romance of Spanish love and intrigue.

We moved along the crowded thoroughfares of old town and of new, our eyes greeted on all sides by the familiar sight of the Stars and Stripes. However great may be one's love for

the flag of his country, unspeakable emotion wells up in heart and eyes when one sees that simple emblem of our nation's hopes and fears floating to the breezes of lands or oceans far remote from home.

Passing the Estada Major, or military headquarters of Manila, the infantry escort to our party was detached, and we continued our march to the palace of the Malacannan, the official residence of Governor Taft, attended only by the cavalry troops.

Our course took us through the Luneta, the beautiful public park which is the great *Prado* or promenade of the crowded city. The carriages of the wealthy parade the driveway in the late afternoon, and all sorts and conditions of men rub elbows as they promenade upon the well-kept walks. An orchestra fills the air with sweet music, American and native musicians alternating with the days. But be the orchestra of white men or of brown, of American birth or of the Oriental blood, each evening's concert closes with the Star Spangled Banner. Whenever the first stave of the familiar and soul-stirring chorus rises from the brazen throats of the instruments, every individual within the range of its sweet music

rises to his feet, every man removes his hat, and even the dark-skinned, barefooted urchins of the street pull tattered caps from woolly locks in respectful salute to the flag of our land.

Verily, the Filipino shall teach us how to be patriotic Americans.

The Luneta plays a part in the civic life of Manila which is unlike that of any single park or resort in an American city. Not only is it a place of fashionable resort and promenade, but it is also the general rendezvous for men of affairs. It is a sort of general meeting place, and the expression, "Meet me on the Luneta," means much the same as "Meet on 'Change," "Meet me at the club." The Luneta is neutral ground on which all can meet. The main driveway extends for perhaps three-quarters of a mile along the shore of the bay, beyond the region of the crush of commerce and the noise of traffic.

At the end nearest the heart of the city stands the old Spanish fortress and prison of Santiago. This spot on the beautiful Luneta has been stained with the crimson life-blood of many a wretch justly sentenced to pay with his life for the crimes of his hands. But the

blood of martyrs has mingled in its dust with that of the vilest criminals.

Here it was that "the best hope of the Filipino people was crushed," when at dawn, on the thirtieth of December, 1896, Dr. José Rizal, the patriot who had dared to speak the truth for the religious and political emancipation of the people of the Philippines, was put to death.

Rizal, by many conceded to be the greatest man the Malay race has ever produced, was a man of strong, virile mind, brave enough to think and to speak, not only for himself but for humanity and for righteousness. Born and reared in the Philippines, himself a devout Roman Catholic, Rizal grew to manhood under the sinister influences of a corrupt local administration, Church working hand in hand with a rotten, temporal Government for the aggrandizement of the mighty at the sacrifice of the weak. His keen insight detected the sham and hypocrisy which so often masked in the garb of friar or padre, and his whole soul revolted at the sight of the spiritual and material degeneration which Church and State combined to foster in the name of Religion and of Law and Justice.

"A force working for righteousness" at

home, Rizal, when still a young man, went to Europe, where, as a student in one of the ancient seats of learning, he put into the form of a novel, a picture of the life of the Philippine people. "Noli me tangere," "Touch me not," he called his work. Herein, with masterful art, faithful always to the truth and to his high ideal, he set before the world the cause of the Filipino, groping for enlightenment between the corruption of Spanish tyranny and the besotted ignorance and haughty arrogance of the ecclesiasticism of the religious corporations.

The nations heard the pleading, and the eyes of civilization were turned toward far Luzon. Rizal, upon returning to his native land, — the land he loved even more than his life, — was hailed by the people as a new prophet. But the Nation and the Church which fathered the Holy Inquisition of the Middle Ages had not forgotten the sweetness of revenge. Convicted by due process of law for having incited sedition against the lawful authorities, José Rizal, the martyr of the Philippines, was executed, leaving behind him a memory and a hope.

The city of Manila is made up of several distinct parts or districts of which the old

walled town is but one. The district of Malacannan, one of the modern divisions, is the residence section of the wealthier citizens. Entering this part of the town from the Luneta, our party passed along the narrow streets fringed on either side by stately palms and other tropical plants. Attractive homes nestled on the shady lawns to our right and to our left. Presently we entered the park of the palace of the governor. These spacious grounds are decked in all the glory of eternal summer. Here the lavish richness of nature is enhanced by the deft care of the landscape artist. The huge leaves of palm and banana mingle their shadows on the soft turf. Fountains splash musically in their rocky basins, and cheerful monkeys frolic. One patriarchal chimpanzee of vast self-importance reviewed our little army from his unfettered perch, and frowned with grotesque solemnity upon our cavalcade.

At the door of the palace our military escort left us, and we were met by Governor and Mrs. Taft, who greeted us with that same cordiality which always characterized them at home, and which all the ceremony and stately magnificence of their official life could not rob of an iota of its simple sincerity. The reception which fol-

lowed our arrival was of the most informal character, being confined to the members of our own little party and a score or so of military and civil officers who took this occasion of paying their respects to General and Mrs. Miles. The palace itself is a large, square-looking building with no suggestion of severity. The façade is not unlike that of old Venetian palaces, graceful and dainty in every detail. From the driveway a few steps lead into a great hallway or foyer on the ground floor. A grand staircase winds from this apartment to the second floor, on which are the official headquarters of the governor, the public reception halls and banquet-rooms, and the suites of living rooms for the private use of the governor and his family.

The walls are richly panelled in woods of unusual beauty. On all sides the eye is pleased by the tasteful arangement of the furnishings and the harmonious effect of the *tout ensemble.* The tapestries and hangings are of rich silk and embroideries, the furniture of handsomely carved hard woods. From massive gilded frames old Spanish governors and their signoras looked down upon the scenes in which they no longer play a part.

With noiseless steps and expressionless faces Chinese serving-men move about their duties. The bright colors of their gowns and their long black queues add a touch of picturesqueness to the impressive stateliness of the palace halls.

Great balconies extend the entire length of the building on every side. Venetian blinds or translucent screens formed from the pearly lining of oyster-shells shield the windows from the intense heat of the sun.

Stepping out into the balcony at the west side of the palace, one looks down upon the placid water of the Pasig River, dotted with the swift-moving little boats of native truck-farmers carrying their products to the city markets or returning to their Nipa houses along the river-banks. Queer little boats are these, long and narrow dugouts, formed from single tree-trunks. The native boatman, seated on the floor of his unstable craft, propels it by strong, clear-cut strokes of his single paddle. Clad only in a loin-clout or a pair of breeches, his lithe and muscular body glistens in the sunshine. His pet rooster is perched in lordly pride upon the bow of his canoe.

The rooster is omnipresent in Manila. Not infrequently on the street family vehicles, or

stalls in market-places, are lorded over by their own pet roosters, who are creatures of great distinction, and are treated with every mark of deference and consideration by the individual or family to whom they belong.

By twos and threes the guests took their departure. General and Mrs. Miles immediately became members of the Taft family circle. The various members of our party betook themselves to the ready hospitality of rediscovered friends. The writer was carried off, bag and baggage, to the "Bungalow," the beautiful home of Major and Mrs. Henry T. Allen.

The Bungalow is a charming structure of bamboo and plaster, built after the style of the better class of dwellings in India and the tropics. Surrounded by palms and other native trees, the house stands almost directly across the street from the governor's palace. A greater contrast in architecture could scarcely be imagined than that presented by these two buildings in the massive stateliness of the palace and the light flexibility of the bamboo dwelling. From its thatched roof to the lintels of the doorways, the Bungalow is an example of the most delicate and exquisite workmanship of purely Oriental type. Constructed for coolness rather

than for great strength, the house is furnished in keeping with its architectural conception. Everywhere the eye rests on cosy corners luxurious with wicker chairs and couches and a wealth of cushions. The ceilings and some of the partition walls are of gray plaster, rough finished, and giving a sense of spaciousness and coolness which is most welcome.

While here I noticed a queer custom which at first impressed me with a sense of the uncanny, but which, from frequent repetition in almost every house of the better class which I visited in Manila, I later learned to regard first with toleration, and eventually with a full appreciation of its practical aspects.

In the evening, as Major Allen and I sat smoking and talking of old times, my attention was attracted by a queer little squeak, like the cry of a tree-toad, which seemed to come from the ceiling. Looking up I saw a green lizard, perhaps four or five inches in length, which had just caught a large moth-miller of which he was preparing to make a feast. In an instant there appeared another grotesque monster, nearly twice as large as the first. With a vicious lunge the newcomer attacked the captor of the moth, and fiercely strove to rob him

of his prey. Holding gamely to his supper, the little fellow struggled to free himself from his tormentor, who held him firmly by the scaly, shell-like covering of his tail. With a desperate pull the little fellow jerked himself out of his coat of mail and scampered away, still holding tight to his dearly purchased supper. But in vain, his Nemesis pursued him to a corner, where he was obliged to turn and fight, no longer for a mere savory mouthful, but to prevent himself from furnishing a feast for his cannibalistic foe. And so, like the fabled dog with the bone, crossing the crystal brook on a fallen log, he dropped the bone of this contention, which fell fluttering to the floor, and both lizards went to bed supperless.

My host showed not the least discomfiture at seeing these ugly reptiles in his home, and I later learned that they are encouraged to take up their abode in every well-ordered household, because of their great value as domestic police, effectually driving away the mosquitoes and noxious insects which abound in these sections of the tropics. So the lizards have free access to every room, — kitchen, dining-room, parlor, bedroom, and attic. The mosquitoes of Manila would make the pests of New Jersey hide their

heads under their wings and blush for their degenerate and peace-loving habits. Here they literally swarm, and mosquito bars are a necessity the year round. On retiring to the comparative security of a well-screened bed, the visitor, even in December, turns and perspires for hours, wondering if the heat will ever permit of sleep.

On retiring to the shelter of my mosquito bar I was decidedly embarrassed to find that my bed had not been made up. The bar covered only what seemed to be a bedstead on which there was a framework of heavy woven bamboo. Springs and mattress were lacking, and the only bedclothing to be seen consisted of a pair of woollen blankets and a big bolster, round and hard. Though surprised at such oversight, I could not bring my courage to the point of disturbing the family, who had retired, and so I stood the bolster in the corner and lay down upon the hard lattice-work, and vainly strove to sleep. I soon began to ache in every bone and muscle, as I rolled and turned uneasily on my couch. I would have crawled out on to the floor, but the soothing lullaby of the mosquitoes outside my bar reminded me that discretion was the better part of valor.

Furthermore, I had an unpleasant prejudice against the lizards which I had seen on the walls, so I remained in my bed. The hours dragged slowly; in vain I turned from one side to the other, my bruises only grew more painful. To lie upon my back would be to break my spinal column. The one balm to my suffering body was a cooling breeze which circulated through the bed and about my weary limbs. At about four o'clock in the morning, the temperature took a sudden drop, and I eagerly wrapped myself in the blankets, thus procuring a little padding to relieve the stony hardness of the bed, and enabling me to secure two or three hours of needed sleep.

I thought the neglect of the servants would surely be discovered, and that the next night I should get some repose. But when I retired the following evening, I found my blankets neatly folded and that aggravating bolster placed in uninviting stiffness at the head of the bed. And so I spent another night in futile efforts to lie lightly, without allowing my full weight to press upon these miserable slats of bamboo.

On the morning of the third day of my visit, Major Allen, at breakfast, asked me how I had

slept, and how I got along with my "Dutch Wife." In some embarrassment and much bewilderment I confessed that I had scarcely slept for two nights, and that I did not know whom or what he meant by my "Dutch Wife." My embarrassment was not in the least relieved at the burst of laughter in which my hosts indulged at my expense. I knew instantly that I had made some bad exhibition of greenness, and I felt like the farmer who, upon visiting some city relatives, had been shown to a room in which there was a folding bed, and who declared, after one experience, that he would rather sleep in a hay-mow any time than in one of "them there durned clothes-presses" with a "lookin'-glass in the side of it."

Then I learned that the long stiff bolster which had so offended me with its formal uselessness was of the utmost utility. The beds are made with reference to coolness, and to lie upon a mattress, however thin, would be to swelter in a pool of perspiration. In order to procure the free circulation of air, the frame of the bed is constructed as I have described. And the "Dutch Wife" or bolster is provided to take the heavy pressure of the body off the bamboo framework. The sleeper embraces

this bolster, and by throwing one arm and one leg across it, and holding tightly, he divides the weight of body between the bolster and the bed-frame.

The remaining nights of my visit with the Allens, and later at the home of Governor Taft, I courted my "Dutch Wife," and though it made me laugh at first, I soon learned the trick of sleeping Filipino-fashion.

My host, Major Allen (now a brigadier-general), was and still is the head of the department of the native constabulary, working thus in constant and close touch with Governor Taft and the civil authorities of the Philippines. From Major Allen I gained a comprehension of the problem of the brigands or "ladrones" whose lawlessness and atrocities have for centuries been the terror of the Spanish colonies in the West Indies, as well as in the Philippines.

From the beginning of her history as a colonizing nation, Spain pursued a policy of banishing her criminals to the foreign lands which flew the Spanish flag, thus endeavoring to develop her new possessions by the agency of those whose crimes at home had demonstrated their unfitness even to share in the rights of

citizens. In the course of time, the better element of pioneers and hardy adventurers came to the rescue of the colonies thus founded. Villages and towns grew up in the wild countries with the onward march of civilization. The mother-country persisted in augmenting the population of her colonies with the surplus of her prisons. But this element could never blend into the healthy life of the new communities. The outlaws remained outlaws, and their presence was the curse of the struggling colonies. Following the wild dictates of their natures, these men took to the roads, and became the terror of the highways, plundering and murdering the lonely travellers on the pioneer trails. As time went on, these bands of robbers were augmented by new recruits, men whom the grasping hands of Spanish tax-gatherers had robbed of hard-earned competence, men whom the greed of Spanish governors or the cunning schemes of priests or friars had ruined. Such men as these, made desperate, joined with the bandits, thus, in a measure, following the example set by the State and by the Church. Their method of robbing was less artistic and much more perilous than that which paraded itself in priestly gown or operated by a royal

charter, but it differed not in fundamental character.

In assuming control of the Spanish Philippines, the United States took upon itself the responsibility of establishing the majesty of law and order. The brigands who rush down upon the peaceful farmhouse, murder the occupants, and set fire to the cabin and barns, bearing away their plunder to hiding places in the mountains, are being hunted down and punished. Law and the security of every individual are being established. And to-day, in the very beginning of American ascendency in the Philippines, there is less brigandage, less highway robbery, less fiendish rapine and murder in Luzon than at any time in the last three hundred years.

The week we spent in Manila was full of interesting experiences, and gave us ample opportunities for viewing the life and customs in that old city. To the sight-seer, the old walled city presents the greatest attractions. Here are located the headquarters of the governor, the civil commission, and other public buildings, all imposing old structures of Spanish architecture. Here occurred one of those incidents which demonstrate how close is the association

which has bound Governor Taft to the heart of the native people, especially those of the working classes, — *Taios*, as they are called.

One evening as I entered the government building I was surprised to see a long row of Taio women seated Oriental fashion on the stairway and along the floor of the corridor which leads to the private offices of the governor. There were in the delegation between one hundred and fifty to two hundred of them, all intent upon some matter of gravest import, as the resolute expressions of their faces and the suppressed excitement of their manner indicated.

In the governor's office the cause which had brought them together was being heard.

A dispute had arisen between the Friar Padre of a certain parish and the women of his congregation. The padre had been officially appointed to his charge by the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, supplanting one Friar Aglipay, an eccentric but magnetic individual whose aggressive personal and perhaps political ambitions had brought him into open rupture with the Church of Rome. Aglipay has since proven himself to be a person of considerable force, and a thorn in the side of the established

Church, having seceded entirely from that organization, and being still actively engaged in an effort to found a new Church to be called the Philippine Catholic Church.

The new padre had not proven acceptable to the congregation over which he was placed, and his tactless utterances had been met with hostility. The women of the parish had taken possession of the church, barricading doors and windows, and mounting guard in the sacred edifice day and night. The keys they held, and they not only refused to surrender them to their new shepherd, but with open defiance they declared their intention of maintaining a state of siege as long as such a course seemed necessary.

"The church is ours," they declared, "and no one shall take it from us. Our fathers and mothers before us, and their fathers and mothers before them, have worshipped here. Our own ancestors built the church and paid for it in the hard labor of their hands. Our fathers and mothers taught us to love the church, and we have supported it with our contributions and gifts. The church is ours and we will not give it up."

In vain the ecclesiastical authorities argued

and threatened. But pleadings and threats were of no avail; the resolute Taio women still retained the keys and kept their garrison in possession of the church. At this critical juncture the unpopular padre proposed to arbitrate, leaving the decision of the matter to the local police authorities, or to some court of competent jurisdiction. This offer was refused, but the women declared their willingness to submit the case to the final arbitrament of Governor Taft.

When the time for the hearing arrived, the Friar Padre and his legal advisers appeared to plead their cause, and Aglipay presented the case of the women. The resolute band of defenders, trusting in the righteousness of their cause, came in a body to Manila to re-inforce their representative, and to hear for themselves the verdict of the governor. But, alas for their hopes, the law in the case was clearly against them; Governor Taft is at Manila no less the judge than he was formerly in the United States. The property in question belonged to the regular Roman Catholic Church organization, and must be returned to the rightful owners.

The decision was announced to the delegation of women waiting in the hall. Their disappointment was pitiful, and their hatred for the padre

was in no measure lessened. However, they refused point-blank to surrender their keys either to the Roman dignitaries or to the civil police authorities. Only into the hands of the governor would they place the keys. To the governor they would yield compliance with the law, even though the law was wrong and sinful. The governor should take possession of their church home and their altar, and he alone should execute the letter of the law, restoring their beloved house of worship to those whom the law declared to be the owners.

This episode impressed me deeply, as indicative of the high regard and unquestioning confidence in which the Taio, or working people of Manila, hold the governor. They have learned to look upon him as the living incarnation of justice and law. They know that his decisions will rest upon the law, unbiassed by personal feeling or class prejudice. And in this manner there is growing up among them a new sense of the majesty of the law and of the fundamental principles which underlie good government, making mob law or anarchism impossible.

A DAY IN THE STREETS OF MANILA

THE ancient walled town, gray with age, but defying the ravages of time, furnishes a strange stage for the busy scene of twentieth century traffic and industry which surges along the narrow streets, from the grim old Fort Santiago across the bridges which span the Pasig River. Early in the morning, before the heat of the sun has begun to render life a burden, the merchants open their shops, and busy clerks hustle in and out with cases of copra, rice, tobacco, hemp, sugar, fruits, and other native produce. Here and there commission houses do a thriving trade in matting and other articles woven from the native reeds. Hats of Philippine manufacture, very fine in quality and greatly like those we know as Panama hats, find a ready market both at home and in foreign lands. A few manufacturers produce fine fabrics of silk and cotton fibre known as jusi, — pronounced hoo-si, — which consti-

tutes the finest dress-goods for the women in the Eastern tropics.

Plodding carabao, or water buffalo, pull the heavy laden drays and carts to the wharves, where the precious cargo is piled high, to be stored away in the deep holds of the merchantmen destined for many foreign ports. From the basement rooms of square-built Spanish houses, the family cows and goats low or bleat for the morning's feeding and milking. Native or Chinese servants emerge from other doors on the ground-floors, in which their quarters are partitioned off from the stables of the domestic animals.

Antiquated street-cars, drawn by mules, rattle along the streets, serving to emphasize the need of local rapid-transit facilities, rather than to supply that important demand. The busy merchant or the Filipino dame, bent on a morning's shopping, ignores this uncomfortable tram, and hails a passing "camaretta," or pony carriage, of which there are a great many operating for comparatively small fees. The Philippine pony is used for all light draught for which the caribou or the mule would be inappropriate. These little animals are not much larger than the famous Shetland ponies, but they seem to

be more like the mustang or Indian pony in their habits and general make-up. Tough as leather, wiry, and sure-footed, they have wonderful endurance, and they thrive in this climate where the larger horses of Europe and America can be kept alive only with great difficulty.

For several hours the activity of shops and streets and market continues unabated. But as the morning waxes hotter, the life and energy seem to be melted out. At eleven o'clock the shop-keepers put up their shutters, lock their stores, and retire to their living quarters upstairs. The clerks and laborers disappear. The streets are deserted, and the whole city takes its midday nap. No one would any more think of doing business at noon than at midnight. From eleven until three Manila sleeps; then the activities of the day are resumed. Shops are re-opened, the markets are noisy with the hawking of the stall-keepers, and Manila hustles like a Yankee town.

Now it is that the "Escolta," the "Broadway of Old Manila," becomes gay with the bright jusi gowns of the ladies, as they look for bargain sales at the fashionable shops. The Escolta is not more than five or six blocks in length, as we measure distances, and it is uncomfortably

narrow and crowded; but from four to five o'clock in the afternoon it is the Mecca of fashion and the Rialto of trade.

Gradually the crowd in the Escolta becomes less and less, as men and women of fashion, those who ride in their private camarettas, and those who must walk, rich and poor, old and young, men, women, and children, drift toward the Luneta, there to saunter leisurely homeward, or to linger in the balmy twilight and drink in the fresh breezes from the sea, and revel in the sweet music which fills the air. At seven the concert closes with the national air, carriages and pedestrians resume their homeward course, the Luneta is deserted, and Manila goes to dinner.

The sanction of ages has set the seal of approval upon the brutal sport of cock-fighting, which is regarded among native Filipinos in much the same light in which bull-fighting is looked upon in Spain. But cock-fighting, with the attendant gambling and betting, has received a decided backset wherever American occupation has become firmly established, and in Manila it has been effectively suppressed. Other means of amusement find ample patronage. Popular concerts always attract large

audiences, and three or four theatres flourish. At the time of our visit at Manila, an American comedy company was presenting a series of farces and light comedies to crowded houses. It was amusing to notice the number of native men and women in the audience who, though unable to understand a word of English, followed the performance with eager attention, here, as everywhere in Manila, striving to comprehend the methods of the Anglo-Saxon whose energy and shrewdness are working miracles throughout the islands. In other playhouses were presented variety bills and vaudeville performances in Spanish, English, or Tagalog, the hybrid language of the masses. Under the general auspices of the officers of the army and navy stationed at Manila, horse-racing has become a great fad, — the race-course, a few miles outside of the city, being a great rendezvous for the lovers of the sport, as well as for that large class of gamblers and book-makers who "play the races" at Manila no less than at Saratoga. The social life of Manila is not unlike that of large cities of America or Europe. Of course the gradations of wealth in large measure determine the social sets or cliques, and the heart-burnings and petty jeal-

ousies of "society" are no less evident here than elsewhere. Receptions and evenings at home are frequent, and these social gatherings are gay with the beautiful gowns of native jusi, thin and delicate as the finest gauze. The gentlemen wear suits of light cotton duck, and jackets mostly cut in the lines of military blouses, with collar buttoning high about the neck. Stiffly starched shirts and collars of linen, with claw-hammer coats, would be strangely out of harmony with the climate of the Philippines.

One of the most arduous labors which devolve upon Governor Taft is that of fulfilling the social claims which are made upon him. No Filipino assemblage is complete without the presence of the governor, and not a day passes without its deluge of invitations requesting the "honor of the governor's presence," etc., etc. The governor makes it a point to accept as many such invitations as it is possible for him to do. His time is therefore occupied both day and night.

The Church has under its auspices a good many fiestas or holidays, but of all the varied forms of recreation and festivity the *Beile*, or country fête, approaches most nearly to the position of a national custom. All classes of

people, rich and poor alike, avail themselves of every occasion which offers an excuse for a picnic in the country. At these assemblages, the Spanish love of gay color, tinkling music, and stately minuet blend with the freedom and unconventional merriment which is native to the Filipino blood. We attended more than one such festival during our visit to the Philippines, where, with feasting, drinking, song and dance under the overhanging branches of palm and lime, the time sped merrily.

To the melody of guitar and mandolin, bright-gowned damsels and their beaux, in snowy white, tread the mazes of the courtly rigadon. Herein the one aim of the dancers seems to be the realization of a perfect grace and harmony of movement and of music, — the approximation of the ideally beautiful, rather than the more conventional and free-swing of the rhythmic waltz and two-step of America.

ALONG THE DAGUPAN RAILWAY

GENERAL MILES is a rapid mover, and he who would travel in his company must be prepared to keep everlastingly at it. Not a day, scarcely an hour, from the time of our arrival at Manila until the completion of the tour of the Philippine archipelago did the general rest. The other members of the party were free to go and come when and where they pleased, always within the time-limit set by the completion of the work which our leader had in hand. The length of our stay at Manila permitted of much greater independence of our individual plans and engagements than was possible at the other places included in our itinerary. While the general was hard at work visiting and inspecting the military quarters, and reviewing the troops in and about Manila, the rest of us were off sight-seeing, or availing ourselves of the hospitality of the Army and Navy Club, or of private individuals and public officials. Almost every night of

our stay at Manila was eventful. Receptions at the Malacannan, dinners at various clubs or at army headquarters or with important citizens, and a host of other entertainments, made our visit replete with interest.

The most memorable occasion on this visit, however, was the grand review of all troops in and about Manila, held before General Miles on the Luneta. All the branches of the service were represented and passed in parade before the commanding officer of the army, while the motley population of the ancient city crowded the park and roadside, cheering the soldiers and the general.

Toward the end of our first week at Manila the duties of General Miles called for a trip of inspection of the military station along the route of the Dagupan railroad. This road runs one hundred miles north from Manila, through that part of the island which was the seat of the greatest resistance of the Aguinaldo faction against the forces of the United States. Every mile of ground along the route of the railroad has been the scene of skirmish, ambuscade, or battle, and the dead of two nations are buried where they fell.

But the country through which this course

lies is wonderfully fair. The gently sloping hills and quiet fertile district give little evidence of war or scenes of bloodshed. Yet the Stars and Stripes do not blow to the breezes of a thoroughly reconciled land, and at every station on the line of the railroad there was still an encampment of American soldiers, in readiness to suppress any acts of lawlessness or any interference with the peace of the highway. Our train was drawn by an old-time locomotive, consuming a vast amount of wood, and taking on new supplies of this quick-burning fuel at almost every stop, and stops were frequent, not more than five or ten miles apart. As we drew near to each station, our engine, with blazes leaping high out of her ample smoke-stack, and showers of sparks like a gigantic Roman candle, shrieked and whistled in a way calculated to awaken sleeping embers of rebellion in the whole country-side. Presently we drew up at the blackened ruins of a railway station, where our soldier boys in formal line greeted their commander with military honors. And to every loyal greeting from these frontier guardsmen the general responded with some words of cheerful encouragement, reminding the homesick soldiers that the peo-

ple at home were not forgetful of them, and that it is the soldier in the untamed lands who makes possible the spreading of better things. The well-chosen words of the senior officer of the army never failed to combine the elements of soldierly directness and command to duty with the deep sympathy and almost fatherly gentleness which grow out of thorough understanding of the heart and life of the soldier. And it seemed to me that the cheers which followed the veteran chief from camp to camp proclaimed a loyalty which can be trusted to endure.

At Dagupan, we found stationed the Fifth Infantry, United States army, the regiment of which Miles was colonel after the War of the Rebellion, and of which he has ever remained the patron saint. Despite the changes wrought by nearly thirty years, there still remained in the regiment two or three grizzled old comrades who had fought under Miles in the seventies. The occasion was a memorable one, not only for the soldier, but for all whom fortune permitted to be present. General Miles, now very near the end of his long and honorable career as a soldier, realizing that this would be the last time that he should be permitted to meet his

old command before his retirement, was inspired to that eloquence which Webster calls true eloquence, — that which exists in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Standing there before the regiment which he had loved for more than half his life-time, parting, not only from the associates of thirty years, but, in a sense, taking leave of the work which had been his life, Nelson A. Miles, in that tropic camp, spoke a few sentences of retrospect and farewell. His words were not recorded, but the tears which filled the eyes of the soldiers who heard him, and the rapt silence of all his auditors, pronounced this to be the most eloquent utterance which ever fell from his lips. Though his formal retirement did not occur until nearly a year later, I believe that, in his heart, General Miles dates the end of his official life from that day at far Dagupan.

CRUISE AMONG THE SOUTHERN ISLANDS

ILOILO

THE army transport "Ingalls," a pretty boat of small draught and considerable speed, was assigned to service for the cruise among the southern islands of the archipelago. And when, on the ninth day of November, she steamed out of Manila Bay, bearing our party, considerably augmented by various army officers and prominent civilians, she presented the appearance of a large private yacht bent on a summer cruise, rather than that of a vessel dedicated to the god of war. So numerous was our company, and so limited the cabin accommodations of the "Ingalls," that we were obliged to "double-up" and share our state-rooms with one another. Under such conditions the equatorial nights were not conducive to sleep. But the rapid motion of the ship fanned our decks with breezes which moderated the sultry atmosphere even at midday. By

night the charm of a moonlit sea and a gliding vision of verdant islands cast a subtle spell upon us, and we lingered late under the stars. My old love of the open air prompted me to make my bed on deck in a convenient hammock or an inviting wicker couch.

In the thin gray of early morning, long before the sun appeared from his bed in the ocean, the serene quietude of my slumbers was rudely disturbed by a savage swishing of water and a noise as if a dozen fire-engines were at work upon our decks. Upon opening my sleepy eyes with a start, I sat bolt upright and received a vigorous shower bath from a line of hose with which the crew was washing the decks. My presence discerned, I was not slow to take advantage of the opportunity to beat an inglorious retreat while the minions of cleanliness continued their vigorous exercise.

On another occasion, as I slept peacefully under the open sky, a sudden downpour of rain, a tropical deluge, drenched me to the skin before I was fairly awake or able to get to shelter; but barring these little diversions, which to my mind are far less to be dreaded than the sweltering heat of the cabin, my nights on board the "Ingalls" were blissful.

The first stop on this trip was at the city of Iloilo in the southern part of the island of Panay. Here the "Ingalls" came to anchor in an ample harbor amidst a dozen ships of various countries. For a description of the events of this day I copy the following article from the Iloilo *Times* of Thursday, November 13th, a facsimile of one page of which is herewith given.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

A GREAT DAY IN ILOILO, THE CITY, CIVILIAN, AS WELL AS MILITARY, DOES HONOR TO GENERAL MILES

THE GENERAL, WELL PLEASED WITH ILOILO, VISITS THE CLUBS. RECEPTION AT THE PALACE

The long-looked-for event has come and gone and the City of Iloilo has had the opportunity of doing honor to the Nation's Military Chief. Monday evening a telegram came saying that General Miles, who arrived in Manila recently to make a tour of inspection of the military situation in the Islands, was in Capiz and would arrive here early Tuesday morning. This news came somewhat unexpected as on account of the fact that the telegraph and cable lines between here and Manila have been out of order for

sometime it was not known that the General was so near this place.

Business was practically suspended on Tuesday morning and the city presented a gay appearance being decorated with all manner of flags and palms. The day was perfect and well calculated for the occasion which was to take place.

At little before eight A.M. the Transport "Ingalls," which brought General Miles and his party, was sighted coming up the Bay and an hour and a half later he landed at the Custom House wharf where the troops were arranged to receive him. The 29th Infantry was lined up beginning at the landing and extending well past the Custom House. At the intersection of this line with Calle Real, the Philippine Scouts were stationed, while from this point troops E and F of the First Cavalry extended along Calle Real.

As the General stepped on shore, the customary salute of fifteen guns was begun. As soon as this salute ceased, General Miles, accompanied by his Aide, Colonel Maus the Department Commander, General Frank D. Baldwin, his Aide, Lieutenant H. A. Drum, all the local staff, and Sergeant John F. O'Connor of Troop E. First Cavalry was chosen Orderly for the General for the day, rode out into the vacant space for the first formalities of the inspection. On returning the mounted party rode out on Calles Muello and Progreso, circled the Plaza on the North, East and South, and took station be-

tween the southwest corner of the square and Bischoff's store, where the troops passed by in review.

The troops generally comported themselves in a becoming manner and showed plainly the results of long and careful training. It may be said, however, that they hardly did their best that morning, as on one previous occasion they seemed to do better in practice. The General was observed to pay more than ordinary attention to the conduct of the Scouts and seemed well pleased with their work.

In the afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock, the visitors, accompanied by a large number of friends began to make the rounds of the different clubs of the City in the following order. The Sociedad Artistica, the English Club, the Visayan Club, and the Sociedad Artistica Recreativa. In each of these places the General showed himself to be as much at home in society as he was in the presence of his troops. At the Visayan Club the General made a short speech in which he congratulated the Institution, thanked the members very kindly for the interest they had taken in making the day pleasant for him, and added that the thing that pleased him most was the sight of so many energetic young Americans, and people of other nationalities as well, who are determined to carry out the mission of America in the Eastern world. At the Sociedad Artistica-Recreativa, the General was presented with two large, handsome paintings, representing respectively a battle line of Filipinos and one of Americans.

At the rooms of the Sociedad-Recreativa where a short program of music was given in the General's honor, he made a short speech in which he said that a nation as artistic as the Filipinos are, have a bright future. Referring to the paintings with which he was presented he said that the execution of the work was complete but he hoped that in the future the painters would never again have any reason to engage in representing scenes of war. He expressed great hope for the future of the Filipinos although they were considerably handicapped by their past calamities.

General Lee, in a few words, and displaying considerable emotion, said that his greatest desire and hope is that the American flag may come to be loved and respected by the Filipinos as it is loved and respected by the Americans.

General Miles was roundly cheered and shortly after his departure he and his Aide were made honorary members of the Club. At the reception in the evening at the Palace the General and his aide wore the characteristic emblem of the society.

In the evening at eight o'clock at the casa gobierno the visitors were tendered a grand reception by the public in general, although provincial and municipal officials were chiefly instrumental in arranging for the occasion. The time from eight to nine was spent in getting acquainted generally. From nine until twelve dancing was the order of the hour. General Miles and his party left the Palace about

eleven o'clock in order to resume the voyage at twelve. They were accompanied by General Baldwin and his aide, Lieutenant Drum, during whose absence, Lieutenant Colonel F. A. Smith will be Acting Adjutant General. The route taken by the party will be from this place to the Jolo group, from there to Zamboanga, thence, to Cebu, and from there back to Manila.

To one who had never seen General Miles before it was a pleasant surprise. Although he has passed the point of three score years, his appearance is that of a man of vigor and energy, is more than prepossessing and he looks every inch the soldier that he is. Mrs. Miles is a lady whose years have not diminished her beauty and who is in every respect a fitting companion for her worthy husband.

The benefits of the General's visit in these parts cannot be over-estimated; and it is safe to say that no event could have taken place that would have had the same good effect politically. The absolute impartiality with which General Miles gave and received attentions showed the diplomatic character of the man and counted for much permanent good here.

The party accompanying General and Mrs. Miles on their tour of the Islands consists of Colonel Maus, Colonel Bailey, Major Scott, Captain Squires, Major Sawyer, Brigadier General Lee, Lieutenant McCaskey and Messrs. Rouse, Wiborg, Hoyt, Thirt and Pritchard.

The General will spend in all about one month in the Islands after which he will sail for Siberia and will start for Europe via the Trans-Siberian Railway. He will be retired the third of next August and according to rule no one can succeed to his title unless Congress creates the rank. In such case General Young will probably succeed him.

The Iloilo *Times*, despite the fact that it is printed in two languages, Spanish and English, bears unmistakable evidences of being conducted under Yankee auspices. From the "Miscellaneous Column" I cannot resist the temptation to cull a few journalistic treasures which made me feel quite at home.

"Patrons of the Times should remember that the editorial and business rooms of the paper are no longer at No. 14 Calle Ortiz but have been removed to Calle Osorio, No. 2, just opposite the Convent and one door north of the Military Headquarters."

"If the new Filipino Church succeeds in establishing itself, it will be one of those organizations that come up out of great tribulation."

"Our esteemed contemporary, 'El Tiempo,' has come out with a decided improvement in general make-up by putting some news on the first page."

"It was strikingly noticeable that no Spaniards attended the reception given to General Miles at the Palace although all other nationalities were well represented."

"The jusi and pina dealers would like to see a Miles day every once in a while in these parts. They sold 500 pesos worth of cloth to the General and his party."

"The General presents a fine figure in his uniform, but we will wager it does not take him two minutes to get out of it and into negligé when he gets back on the Transport."

"Americans who insist upon playing the rôle of 'hobos' in this country just because they are far from home will find out shortly that the home government will be brought to them and effectually administered."

"Now we are certain that we shall have to get out an edition of that big dictionary, for here comes 'La Laz' the trilengual paper published in the Nineva Caceres and speaks about some unfortunates being held in 'durance vile.'"

"General Miles, in private conversation, expressed himself as very greatly surprised and pleasantly withal, at the reception tendered him at this place. He said that it was one of the most cordial recep-

tions he had ever enjoyed and was not even second to that given him in Manila."

The following news item, taken from the next column of the *Times*, had a decidedly foreign ring to it, and presents, from the view-point of the matter-of-fact native, a phase of the life in the Philippines which we touched upon when discussing the work of Major Allen and the native constabulary.

MONTGOMERY'S ASSASSINS CAPTURED

CONFESSED THEIR CRIMES AND SAY IT WAS FOR PURPOSES OF ROBBERY

According to word received in this city from Bacolod, the men who murdered Division Superintendent D. C. Montgomery, two weeks ago tomorrow near Bacolod have all been captured or killed. The survivors confess their crime freely and say that they had come down that way to steal carabaca that night, but as the prospects did not look very favorable they decided to look for other game. They say they were in Silay when Montgomery started for Bacolod and sent the boy on ahead to carry the satchel. Believing there was money in the grip they decided to hurry on ahead and ambush him.

It is practically certain that no political significance attaches to the murder, but it is also certain that he was not mistaken for some one else as was suspected by some at first.

In the same column was this item of local importance. The *Cosmopolitan Times* prints a bit of news from New York.

THE ELECTIONS IN THE STATES

ODELL WAS ELECTED GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK OVER BIRD S. COLER, BY A PLURALITY OF EIGHT THOUSAND

The Republican majority in the House of Representatives is thought to be about twenty-five. The estimated standing of the parties is given, as Republican, 196; Democrats, 176; others, 11.

Democrats carried the entire South. Republicans victorious in Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Idaho, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nebraska, New Hampshire and New York.

From this it is evident that the far-off Philippines are kept in some kind of touch with the affairs transpiring in the United States.

To us the city of Iloilo was as much an object of interest and curiosity as we evidently were to the people there. On our arrival we

were much impressed with the evidences of war and destruction which marked the entire business section of the town. Blackened walls of masonry and heaps of ashes were all that remained to indicate the site of public buildings and of structures formerly the busy scenes of commercial activity. The native population in the early days of the Spanish-American War had set fire to their town to prevent it from falling into the hands of their old masters, the Spanish, who were planning to seize the city and make it the centre of military operations, which would, of course, mean the quartering of soldiers in the homes of the people and the plundering of their stores by an arrogant lot of legalized robbers.

But upon the ashes of the old town, huge sheds and temporary structures of divers kinds serve for the present needs of public business and private enterprise, while new and permanent buildings are being erected as rapidly as possible.

The reception which was tendered to General Miles in the evening was held at the governor's palace, — an old Spanish building plainly showing the evidences of a gradual degeneration which had doubtless been in progress for many

years of Spanish rule and Spanish neglect. The entertainment was calculated to make the visitor feel that the people of Iloilo were experiencing a new awakening and a new determination to accomplish, to take advantage of the new opportunities which a free and progressive government secures. No effort and no expense had been spared to make our visit pleasant for us and memorable in the annals of Iloilo.

From the evidences of energy and activity which characterized the town and the people, I felt the conviction that the near future holds promise of good and permanent achievement for Iloilo. No longer a run-down colony of Spain, this city is striving earnestly to become Americanized and to develop along the lines of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It is at present the third city of the archipelago, and what is left of the place bears the imprint of the Spanish architecture of the tropics.

Leaving Iloilo shortly after midnight, we continued our cruise southeast, arriving at Siassi on the island of Jolo the following daybreak. Our arrival was evidently expected, for scarce had the "Ingalls" cast anchor, some three miles from shore, when a pygmy fleet of dugouts swarmed about us, noisy with the shrill cries of

a crew of dark-skinned boys in nature's garb. "Here, capitan, here, capitan!" they cried, holding up their hands and beckoning wildly to attract attention from the party on the decks, and to elicit copper coins. As we flipped pennies into the air, their keen eyes flashed, following the course of the falling treasures. As the coins touched the water there would be a splash, splash, splash, and the lithe little amphibians dived deep after the alluring bait.

"Here, capitan, here, capitan!" this seemed to be the nearest approach they could make to speaking English, and to constitute the whole of their linguistic culture, beyond the jabbering of their noisy tongues. However, just as our stock of pennies was beginning to run out the ladies of our party came on deck prepared for the trip to shore.

"Here, mamma, here, mamma!" shrieked a red-lipped Zulu, as Mrs. Miles appeared at the railing. "Here, mamma, here, mamma!" cried the swarthy chorus, clapping hands and laughing merrily. This was too good a joke, and to tease Mrs. Miles we played their harmless bunco game until our pockets were empty.

Less than six degrees north of the equator, Siassi is in the heart of the wildest Moro coun-

try. The town itself is composed chiefly of bamboo huts with heavy roofs of thatch, and occupied by a motley population of Moros, Chinese, and degenerate Spanish.

The military station here is important, as the wild tribes in the outlying districts are not pacified, and probably will remain savage and bloodthirsty until their eventual extermination. General Miles' reception here was probably the most primitive in the history of American military affairs since the early Indian wars. The principal business men of the town are Chinese, and they took upon themselves the duty of extending to the distinguished guest such a salutation and reception as should reflect credit upon the hospitality of the town.

Disembarking from the ship's launch, General Miles, attended by a military escort from the local station, led the way up the main street of Siassi, by comparison with which the Midway Plaisance at the Columbian Exposition was sombre in color and quiet as a New England Sunday. On both sides of the line of march a throng of men, women, and children, representing at least four of the races of mankind, pushed and struggled for positions of vantage. Gorgeous robes of yellow, red, pur-

ple, green, and orange adorned the unwashed shoulders and bodies of Chinese and Malays. The slick skins of native men, deep brown and glossy, bared from the waist upward, added a savage quaintness to the scene. Moro women, with their babies strapped, papoose fashion, on their backs, elbowed their way among the crowds, neither expecting nor receiving more consideration than their less hampered neighbors. Here and there a group of swarthy Spaniards looked at the procession with eyes in which there was no friendliness, and two or three grizzled Mohammedan priests mingled in the host of their faithful followers. The din of tom-toms beaten in rhythmic measure by hospitable natives assailed our ears with deafening noise, half thrilling and half ludicrous. The great salute of the day, however, was that prepared by the prosperous Chinese merchants, and which greeted us as we filed past their shops and stores in the business centre of the town. Clad in cadet jackets, gay with gold lace and buttons, trousers cut either on the pattern of pajamas or of riding breeches, buttoning close about the ankle and becoming loose from the knee upward, their heads adorned either with the Oriental fez or with

gorgeous turbans of variegated colors, Moro dandies swaggered along the streets, their bare feet leaving broad imprints in the dusty ways. These native beaux represented the élite of Siassi, the old families not only of the town but of the countryside about. In the sashes about their waists flashed keen-edged bolos, or wrinkled creese blades, handed down from father to son for many generations, and prized as the most precious heirlooms. Supple canes, with jewelled hand-piece and metal ferule, or neat swagger sticks, slivered from the horn of the carabao and tipped at either end with cap of silver, gave an added air of jauntiness and style to these self-important individuals.

Fire-crackers are said to be of earlier invention than guns, and history affirms that the ancient Chinese employed them in the defence of the great wall of China to scare away the enemy.

In the present instance, the "Heathen Chinee" used them in lieu of heavier artillery by way of friendly salute. Two rows of bright-robed Mongolians stood at the sides of the street, carrying long, slender poles of bamboo. As we passed between them the ingenious Orientals "presented arms" with these

bamboo rods, to the ends of which were attached huge bunches of fire-crackers which sputtered and popped and banged like a miniature Fourth of July. Not fifteen guns, but fifteen thousand Chinese fire-crackers sneezed an Oriental salute to the commander from the far-off land in the West, greatly to the delight of the populace and to the unconcealed amusement, admiration, and astonishment of the visitors.

Siassi is the most primitive Philippine city we visited, and, to me at least, it was a revelation of crudeness and barbaric display. Color, color, color, on every side! Bright turbans and Moro scarfs, beads and tinsel jewels, glittering blades of creeses and of bolos, arrows tipped with points of bone and weapons studded with sharks' teeth, — such were the articles most in evidence in shops and market as well as on the streets and among the ugly multitude. Here the vices of civilization seem to be long established, but the virtues, moral, intellectual, or industrial, have scarcely taken root. The religion of Mohammed and the Koran holds a tenacious grip on the people except where old superstitions, inherited through ages of Moro folk-lore, crowd out all forms of theology or demonology imported from other climes.

Marke

Moro

ce, Siassi

, Siassi

Naturally unattractive in feature and lineament, the natives add to the ugliness of their faces by the use of a narcotic irritant called the betel-nut. This innocent-looking nut seems to combine in its toothsome kernel all the evil properties of nicotine, opium, and alcohol, and its use keeps the uncivilized Filipino in a state of wild exhilaration, lapsing now and then into periods of voluptuous somnolence. Not only is the effect of the drug visible in the expression of the eyes, but its action on the teeth is such as to turn them black, while the lips become flushed with an unnatural crimson brilliance.

The centre of interest at Siassi is the market place. Here throng the people to buy and sell, or, like the American Indians, to barter their wares. The swarthy fruit-merchant exchanges a goodly stock of cocoanuts with the woman who operates a hand-loom, for an ample cut of jusi. The fishmonger barters a fine red-snapper for a supply of betel-nut, and the bolo-man haggles with the pearl-fisher on the terms of an exchange of commodities. Naked urchins, boys and girls, run in and out among the stalls playing "I-spy" and "Tag," very much the same as children everywhere. The rivalry be-

tween the Moro scarf-weaver and the jusi-maker is keen, and woe to the stranger who is so rash as to patronize the one to the neglect of the other.

The principal attraction at the market place, however, is neither jusi nor plaid, cocoanut nor betel, fish nor pearl, nor jewelled blade. The passion for gaming draws men and women with irresistible force. Native gambling devices, unique and shrewd, coax the money of the unwary, while an eager crowd watches the throwing of the dice or the tossing of a coin. Bizarre, garish, dirty, eager, the rabble never weary of their games of chance, and the "shell game" is played with local and original variations.

From Siassi we coasted swiftly to the city of Jolo, the capital of the island of the same name. This diminutive metropolis is much like the old district of Manila. Massive stone walls entirely surround the town, originally a Spanish stronghold from which an unceasing warfare was waged against the wild Moro tribes in the jungle fastnesses. Governor after governor, general after general, conducted fruitless expeditions from Jolo into the heart of the lands of

the savage bolo-men. Even Weyler, the Spanish generalissimo of Cuban trocha fame, gave up the hopeless game, and the Moros of Jolo-land have never acknowledged allegiance to masters other than their native chiefs or provincial sultans and datos.

The sultan of Jolo occupies the ambiguous position of being at once a pensioner of the United States and an Oriental despot whose sway, among the tribes which have for generations been the subjects of his royal family, is little less absolute than that of the Czar of Russia.

After the capture of Manila, American vessels were sent to take possession of the various towns and colonies throughout the archipelago in the name of the United States. Most of these being under actual as well as nominal control of the Spanish, capitulated readily and came under American control without the shedding of blood or the loss of life on either side. The town of Jolo, having been abandoned by the Spanish, was controlled absolutely by the sultan of the district, who had a very considerable garrison of native troops stationed there with the avowed determination to give battle to Uncle Sam, destroy the city if necessary, to

prevent it from falling into the hands of the Americans, and to bind himself and his warriors in eternal enmity to the intruders.

The position of the American commander was peculiar. A few moments' activity from the ship's battery would mean the destruction of the quaint old city nestling in mock security within the circle of its grim stone walls. The native garrison could be exterminated, possibly without the loss of an American soldier. But this was not war; this was no work for soldiers and Americans, but for butchers and murderers.

Already was there a faction and a press at home crying out against "Imperialism," and a policy of wholesale plunder in the communities which the shock of war had put into our power.

Our mission was to preserve, not to destroy, whatever of civilization, prosperity, and virtue might be found in the Philippines, and to spread the influence of American ideas and American civilization with as little bloodshed as possible. To this end the friendship and allegiance of powerful local leaders was much more to be sought after than their lives. Following the precedent of paying to Spain a huge indemnity

for the possessions we had taken from her through the fortunes of war, a certain annual pension was offered to the sultan of Jolo for the peaceful evacuation of the city, and the oath of allegiance to the United States. The shrewd potentate was not slow to close a bargain which any haggling on his part would probably have caused to miscarry. He withdrew his troops from the city, and retired to his castle in the jungle some miles from the coast, where he lives a life of Oriental ease and luxury, maintaining a great harem and an establishment of barbaric splendor which his ample pension provides. The army of retainers who do his bidding are bound to him in a system of feudal vassalage. How long he will be satisfied with this new-found opulence and peace is questionable. His surly majesty refused to come to greet the general of the United States army, though informed of our visit and invited to attend the reception at Jolo. The following is a newspaper clipping:

SULTAN OF SULU NO LONGER A SUBJECT OF UNCLE SAM

TAKES UP RESIDENCE IN SINGAPORE

SCRIPPS-MCRAE PRESS ASSOCIATION,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 14, —

Uncle Sam no longer counts among his subjects the sultan of Sulu. With his six wives, his retinue of slaves and the resplendent datos who make up his cabinet, he has removed to Singapore. Although young in years, he is a total physical wreck, and has but a short time to enjoy Uncle Sam's pension and the income derived from his pearl fisheries.

The reason for his departure is said to be his weakening grasp upon the throne, due to the American invasion and to the fact that he has no male heir. He appreciated the situation, assisted no doubt by his own people, and so moved to the Straits Settlement.

However, the city was spared the havoc of bombardment. Beautiful Jolo, a very dream city, unreal in its peaceful picturesqueness, rejoices in American occupation, and the wild Moro tribes about it have been subjugated and controlled for the first time in history.

On the open space before the door of the

house of the commanding officer of the local post, a band of wild men from the woods danced a war dance for the edification of General Miles and his party. A more savage rite I never saw.

Naked, save for the loin clout, these dusky Indians of Jolo-land, their bodies adorned with a few trinkets, leap into the air, brandishing aloft their spears with points of sharpened bone. Then suddenly they crouch low, stealthily creeping toward each other, every eye keen and every muscle tense. With a cry they jump to their feet, spears are left upon the ground, and in the sinewy right hand of every dusky warrior glistens a razor-edged bolo. The tom-toms raise a deafening discord, the knives flash close before the faces of the imagined foes, then, with a swift movement, they disappear. The noise of the savage tom-tom grows quicker. The lean bodies dash before us in a mad whirl, brandishing aloft the war clubs, studded with sharks' teeth. The fierce rapidity of the dance is beginning to tell even on the hardy sons of the jungle, as at a sound from the tom-toms each club is cast to the ground, and spears again glisten in the air. The movement slackens, the old look of blood-

thirsty eagerness grows more intense as, two by two, the band divides into groups, each man advancing toward his opponent until the keen points of bone seem to be almost ready to pierce the breast of his adversary. A clash from the tom-tom and a cry from the warriors! The whole band is once more whirling and winding its mad flight about the ring until, panting and sweating, the savage warriors drop heavily upon the ground, exhausted.

After our visit at Jolo, Malabang was the first stop of importance. From its strategic position on the coast near the centre of a hostile and aggressive host of Moro tribes, Malabang is of the utmost military importance. An army supply station is located here, and a considerable force of troops is kept constantly at this post. The town itself is intolerably hot and dry and dusty, uninteresting and disagreeable, and the soldiers and officers stationed here regard this assignment as an unmitigated bad fortune, — an evil to be endured because it cannot be cured.

The American policy of "carrying the war into the enemy's country" has here been applied to Moro warfare, and the results prove

beyond a question that this method of subjugating the savages is much more effective than the Spanish course of making occasional sallies out of a strongly entrenched position into the trackless jungle. From Malabang, the American forces have built a fine military road through the heart of the country of the savages to the crest of the mountain which forms the military as well as the geographic centre of the island. Operations were in progress at the time of our visit to run another road from Iligan, on the opposite coast, to connect with this road at Lake Laguna on the summit of the mountain.

At Malabang, horses were provided for such of the gentlemen of our party as had equestrian ambitions, and Doherty wagons furnished less strenuous means of transport for the prudent and knowing ones. Following the military road, with a guard a short distance in advance of us to provide against possible ambush or open attack from the fierce Malays, who were hereabouts in active warfare, we soon plunged into the depths of the tropical juugle.

On either side of our pathway rose vast forests of rosewood, mahogany, ebony, cedar, eucalyptus, and giant palms of a dozen varieties.

Dense about the lower parts of these rural trees, intertwining leaves and branches form a network through which even the brightest rays of the equatorial sun never penetrate. Flashing through the air, or on the outer branches of the trees, are myriads of birds of marvellous plumage glistening with all the colors of the spectrum. Parrots and paroquets scolded and screeched in ceaseless wrangling, and flaunted their unrivalled millinery. Here and there, inquisitive tribes of monkeys stopped their frolics among the cocoanuts and bananas to discuss our possible business in their domain. From the darkness of the distant ravines the cries of prowling carnivora echoed from rock and hill.

But the perils which most beset this road are not the beasts of the jungle. At every turn in the tortuous course, a military camp with picket guard proclaims the foe to be a human foe and ceaselessly vigilant in his bloody business. But the long arm of our Uncle Sam is extended from Malabang to Lake Laguna, and the highway is not easily beset.

Of our party, General Miles, who is always in condition for any test of endurance, however exciting, and his military aides were the

only members whose enthusiasm for horseback riding did not become dampened by the climb of twenty-two miles along that wonderful military road. For my part, when we stopped for a change of mount, half-way to our destination, I should have been most glad to have deserted the mounted squad for the Doherty wagons; but one never likes to show a white feather — and the seats in the wagons were all occupied.

Toward sunset we passed through the picket lines at Camp Vickers, on the shore of Lake Laguna, three thousand feet above the level of Malabang, which from here looks like a mere spot of white and red on the line where land and ocean blend.

At Lake Laguna, old Mother Nature has decked the mountain crest with lavish splendor, and has tempered the tropical airs with cooling breezes, making the place delightful to all the senses. Here, for the only time in my life, I slept in a military camp in time of actual hostilities.

Captain John J. Pershing, the hero of Baccalod, was here in command of some two thousand troops, among whom there was discernible none of the ennui and morbid discontent so generally prevalent with the soldiers in out-of-the-way

stations where there is no activity and no excitement. For here the warfare was aggressive, the element of danger and the alertness due to the near presence of a watchful foe kept the men in high spirits and eager activity. Guard mount here was no mere form, but a stern necessity, and every drill meant practice for a contingency which any day might bring to pass. This night we were quartered in such style as the exigencies of martial regulations permitted. As I was waiting to be assigned to the hospitality of some officer's tent, a grizzled veteran wearing the insignia of a major approached me and introduced himself as a fellow-citizen from Cincinnati, Major Carr, the senior medical officer of that command. Though I had never had the pleasure of knowing Major Carr at home, the circumstances under which we met at Camp Vickers made us old friends in a moment, and I quickly learned to appreciate the qualities which have made his career so eminently noteworthy. As the last echo of taps sounded from the distant bugle, I lay down upon a cot in Dr. Carr's tent and soon fell asleep. How delightful it seemed to sleep in a place where the torrid heat of the tropics was moderated by a lofty altitude and the

cooling breezes of the mountains. But my dream of sweet comfort was all too brief. Scarce had Morpheus clasped me firmly in his arms, when I began to shiver like a man in a chill. Although I wrapped about me every available blanket and coat that I could find, the cold night air penetrated to the very marrow of my bones, and my body would shake and goose-flesh in spite of all I could do. I tried a little faith cure, and endeavored to make myself believe it was all imagination, but my faith was not equal to the occasion. When, somewhere about two o'clock in the morning, my cot gave a little jump and then quivered nervously for some seconds, I was too sleepy to be greatly surprised.

But the glory of the dawning day was amplest recompense for a night of broken slumber. The earthquake which jarred the mountain camp called forth but passing comment from those who were more familiar with the eccentricities of this island.

The call of bugle and the roll of drums awakened the sleeping camp and summoned the soldiers to the work of another day.

Early in the forenoon the entire garrison of Camp Vickers was formed in order for the in-

coast throughout the Philippines. The condition is analogous to that which once existed in our own land when Indian tribes plundered farm and village on our western frontier. The only possibility of extending the reign of law and order and of establishing civilization throughout the land lay in the subjugation or the extermination of the Indian.

I can see no other possible solution of the problems in the Orient.

Before we left Camp Vickers for our return to the "Ingalls," which we could see riding at anchor in the distant harbor like a tiny toy ship, the soldiers assembled informally to bid farewell to their general. Nothing would suffice them but a speech. And a speech they had, a ringing, vigorous, hopeful address, encouraging the boys to do full duty, to remember that they are always Americans, and that Americans across the Pacific at home are mindful of them. The praise General Miles accorded them and their officers was of that character so well understood and appreciated by the soldier, but which, to the uninitiated, appears to be of microscopic proportions. However, the three cheers and a tiger which followed us as we rode away for Malabang came from

General Miles at Camp Vickers

the hearty admiration and good-will which the boys cherish for Miles. They knew, and we who rode away with him knew, that the general was pleased with the soldierly conduct and bearing of the boys at Lake Laguna.

Returning along the military road we stopped to inspect every station which guards its section of the way. The garrisons here are not large, from fifty to one hundred men at each; but the discipline maintained, and the pervading air of business, reminded us continually that the soldier's work in this region is no vacation outing of a State militia.

The course of the "Ingalls" from Malabang lay along the wooded shores, and never once did the steamer get out of sight of land until she hove to at Prang Prang, where the customary review of troops was held. The smaller towns and posts in the Philippines are much alike, and there was but little incident or variety to distinguish them in our minds.

The next important point in our course was Cottabato, a town of considerable military and commercial significance on the Rio Grande de Mindanao, several miles from the coast. We arrived at the mouth of this beautiful stream in the middle of the night, and cast anchor there

to await the dawn before continuing our cruise inland. In the cool air of the early morning, our party left the "Ingalls" and embarked in a tug sent out from the military headquarters at Cottabato to convey us over the shallow waters of the Rio Grande.

No words of mine can do justice to a description of the marvellous beauty of the vegetation which grows in rank luxuriance to the very water's edge. Here and there the forest glooms give way for ample stretches of low-growing bushes, ferns, and fruitful banana, while the slender stems of giant palms rise like sentinels at intervals over the dreamy landscape. The majesty of wood and jungle ever challenges the wonder and admiration of the devotee of "God's first temples."

As we drew in sight of Cottabato, picturesque and ancient, a salute of fifteen guns announced the arrival of the looked-for guest. But our stop was only momentary, and we continued our course up-stream, postponing our longer visit at Cottabato until our return, for we were now on the way to pay our respects to an individual of the utmost importance in this region of Mindanao.

Thirty-five miles from the mouth of the river

dwells Dato Piang, the patriarch and autocrat of all he surveys. Piang is a local ruler, now shrewdly acknowledging allegiance to Uncle Sam, but no less shrewdly exercising the prerogatives of legislative, judicial, and executive branches of the local government. As a side line, merely by way of keeping busy, the wily old statesman has constituted himself a bureau of commerce and industry in the section over which his fate and his inheritance have called him to rule, and the monopoly he maintains over the financial and religious resources of his realm would make certain "captains of industry" and "trust promoters" of America, discover that they could learn the A B C of this profession from this benevolent old potentate.

Piang is a hereditary ruler, and his subjects, mustering some six or seven thousand natives, look to him for law and authority. They work for him and do his bidding with a childlike docility and unquestioning obedience. Practically all the money of the realm finds its way to the ample money-bags of his royal treasury, and natives look to Piang, the dato, for such supplies as their simple trade and barter fail to provide.

As our launch approached the palace grounds, a thunderous salute from a dilapidated old battery of antiquated muzzle-loading cannon and mortars roared welcome to the honored guest. A moment later, from the wharf appeared a banca, or barge, propelled by ten boatmen. Herein, in royal state, rode Dato Piang, a wrinkled, swarthy, lean old man, his eyes keen and bright as a weazel's, his teeth black as ebony from the constant use of the betel-nut.

His costume was bizarre and fantastic. A suit of white cotton bedecked with a parti-colored sash, yellow leggings, tight-laced from his bare feet to the knees, his head adorned with a great turban of Oriental purple and bright green, such was the garb of this splendid Dato Piang.

However, "'Tis distance still that lends enchantment." The glory of Piang lost half its glamour when we drew to close quarters. The royal garb had sad need of a visit to the wash-tub, and his excellency himself would have been vastly improved by a vigorous application of soap and water.

Escorting our launch to his landing place, Piang extended to General Miles the hospital-

ity of his palace and his domain, attaching himself with leech-like tenacity to the guest whom he wished particularly to honor and to cajole.

Piang's palace is a rambling structure, perhaps some two hundred feet square, and combining, in complacent disregard of all laws of art and science, the most heterogeneous and diverse elements of architecture. Surrounded by a massive stone wall, the abode of the dato is guarded by a sort of prætorian cohort of half-civilized Moro warriors. The fantastic garrison seemed to be in perfect keeping with the royal artillery pieces which are mounted at intervals along the stockade. In a separate building within this outer wall dwells the bearded Mohammedan sheik who, in his austere personage, combines the attributes of Lord High Chancellor and Prime Minister of the Imperial Piang and of spiritual and religious head of the household.

In number of members the family of Dato Piang rivals some of the courts of European monarchs, no less than one hundred and fifty people dwelling within the confines of the palace, and many more being employed there in the various enterprises conducted on the

premises and under the watchful supervision of dato and sheik.

A rattle-trap structure, a dislocated wing of the palace, forms the harem. Jealously guarded from prying eyes of strangers, the curiosity native to woman-kind overcame all the precautions with which the custom of ages had screened the beauties of the harem. Peering out from behind half-open doors and screens, or even venturing into the open court-yard to look upon the wonderful visitors from the far-off lands, the queens of beauty forgot the dictates of prudence and discretion, and disclosed to the unholy gaze of the stranger the mysteries intended only for the eyes of the sovereign Dato Piang.

Alas, for the disillusionment! Instead of voluptuous figures, robed in silk and bedecked with jewels which pale beside the brilliant lustre of beautiful eyes, we beheld a group of slatternly females, unkempt and dirty, their single garment of coarse homespun hanging loose and ungirt. The exact number of conjugal adjuncts maintained by Piang I was unable to ascertain, but from the small army of little Piangs who romped about the grounds and at the landing place, I inferred that

they were not few. Piang evidently takes his domestic blessings in allopathic doses.

Two profitable industries, cloth and mat making, and the manufacture of fine creeses and bolos, are conducted on the premises. The former is carried on by women who, seated on the floor, with feet straight out in front of them, throw the noisy shuttles between the close-set strands of hempen woof, and shift the clumsy harness of the ungraceful looms.

As souvenirs of our visit to his forges, Piang presented every member of our party with a wavy-bladed creese, tempered and embossed in his own armory and made by the hands of his own armorers.

The kingly state of Dato Piang attains to its most imposing aspect in the imperial throne-room. This lofty apartment cheaply mimics the beauty of Alhambra Halls, its massive columns and arched dome furnishing an effective setting for the heavily draped divan whereon the great man sits on occasions of state, and whereon he sleeps at night, surrounded by his serfs and private guards. Piled high about the room are sacks and chests carefully sealed, and guarded with unceasing vigilance. By one of the innumerable

servants who attended us during our visit I was told that these sacks contained the dato's treasury, — a sum, an idea of the vastness of which the native endeavored to convey to me by eloquent gestures and wonder-wide eyes.

My own experience with Philippine currency had taught me something of the bulk of coin required to represent the minutest actual value, as values are measured among the civilized nations. To carry one hundred dollars in legal tender of the Moro tribes would tax the burden-bearing ability of a strong man.

Piang is decidedly a radical in politics, aggressive, shrewd, quick to see his opportunities and to embrace them. While perhaps he foresees the end of the system of government of which he is such an important part, and the eventful downfall of the mediæval feudalism which makes possible his squalid royalty, Dato Piang is making hay while the sun shines. He has formed relations of the most friendly character with the American officers whose duties have brought them into his district, and by them the wily old Moro is credited with keeping his eyes open and getting into line with the course of progress.

Piang has two great ambitions. The first

is to own a steam launch enabling him to abandon his picturesque but antiquated barge. The second is to visit America, the mysterious, far-away land which produces such wonderful men, — men who fight like devils, and then lay down their guns to take up spades and axes, building roads and villages as they go, and sending teachers to open schools in every native town.

The Rio Grande de Mindanao, from the palace of Piang to Cottabato, presents to the stranger, gliding silently over its placid surface, a series of dissolving views which charm the eye and fascinate the imagination. Every bend in the river's course conceals a vista of water, sky, and forest, only to reveal new glimpses of the infinite variety of nature's manifestations. Now and again great flocks of sea-birds float gracefully and swiftly across the sky, or settle, with noisy clamor, on some forest tree.

One such incident occurred on the Sunday morning as we sped toward Cottabato. A flock of white herons, thousands, nay, tens of thousands in number, dropped from the vastness of the sky and settled on a huge tree which stood on the river's bank, its enormous branches

extending far out over the shady waters. The effect of this sudden apparition was a marvellous and instantaneous transformation in the whole aspect of the scene. Where a moment before we had looked upon the stately grandeur of the giant of the forest, dark and clearly outlined against its background of low-growing jungle and cloud-veiled sky, we beheld, with unspeakable astonishment and with wonder amounting almost to awe, a huge dome of snowy whiteness, solid and compact, of almost geometric symmetry, its entire surface glinting and flickering in the sunlight. So sudden had been the marvellous change, and so completely had the myriad of white herons overwhelmed the tree, that even its titanic limbs were bent beneath the weight, all the wild grace of nature's outlines being pressed into a seeming solid cone, the dark foliage of the tree blending beautifully with the dazzling plumage of the birds. For a time we gazed in mute wonder at this phenomenon. Then some one in the stern of our boat fired a shot into the air. With a noise like the breaking of a tornado, the feathery tribe rose in a mass, moving like one great living organism, and gradually spreading out like a cloud as the

flock unfolded its close-formed ranks in the free air of the sky. The giant tree which had bent his back and braced his limbs to sustain the heavy burden which had come thus suddenly upon him, lifted his head and stretched his sinewy limbs like a powerful man rejoicing in the proven prowess of his body.

At Cottabato another biological phenomenon, equalling if not surpassing in beauty that of the white heron tree, challenged our wonder and hypnotized our senses. After the military inspections had been completed, the commanding officer at the post invited the general and his retinue to refreshment at the official headquarters, formerly the residence of the Spanish governors. We lingered long about the table, which was spread with viands and delicacies of American production, as well as of Philippine growth. When at length we proposed to take our departure, night had stolen upon the landscape, studding the sky with stars and brooding over the world with mystic, dreamy beauty. The trees and leafy shrubs hummed aloud with the discordant harmonies of the million unseen insects. On the open lawn, perhaps one hundred feet from the balcony, gloomed the dark bulk of a shapely evergreen, standing some

thirty feet in height. As we looked, this tree burst suddenly upon our sight, glowing with a phosphorescent flicker, as of ten thousand tiny electric bulbs in frosted opalescent globes. So brilliant was the illumination that every twig and every filigree outline of the tree was clearly visible, and the soft radiance cast a halo against the sky and a golden dew upon the ground. The tree glowed for a second only, and then was dark again. Again the wonderful illumination started once more throughout the branches of the tree, only to be once more extinguished. From at first doubting the evidence of our eyes, we began to suspect that a beautiful electrical display had been arranged for our entertainment. This, however, was a theory not long to be held. The miracles of nature excel the works of man. The tree continued to pulsate with throbbing heartbeats of light, to breathe deep draughts of unconsuming fire.

Had a voice oracular spoken from that burning bush, our wonderment could have been no greater, nor our silence more reverently enthralled.

The phenomenon which thus charmed our incredulous senses is one not uncommon in

the Eastern islands, and is produced by the simultaneous and rhythmic action of a myriad of luciferous insects not unlike the firefly or "lightning bug" so common among our Ohio hills and fields in the balmy nights of early summer. At certain seasons these beetles hold high festival in the Oriental tropics, swarming much after the manner of honey-bees, when they form themselves into a solid mass, attaching themselves to the limb or the trunk of a tree. An uncounted host of these fireflies, moving over the entire surface of the evergreen, and flashing their candles in perfect unison, produced the strange and beautiful illusion, — a torchlight carnival of fairyland.

On this beautiful Sunday morning, as we sped with the current of the Rio Grande, we caught a few fleeting glimpses of the life at the common trysting places, at the river's brink where long-established custom has decreed that rural markets shall be held at stated intervals. Here were tied up to convenient tree-trunks little fleets of bancas covered with crude awnings or canopies of rushes or coarse mattings. The boatmen herein displayed their wares, garden truck and poultry, choice fruit, betel-nuts, home-spun of homely weave, knives and implements

of war or peace, mats and peaked headgear. From the country round about flocked the peasantry, some afoot and some astride their lank and sinewy ponies. Here and there a swarthy farmer might be seen urging his clumsy carabao, while wife and little ones peeked out from the quilted cart-cover of bamboo shreds. Here barter is the common form of exchange, though some of the bulky currency of Mindanao passes in payment for a stock of provisions or a bolt of jusi cloth.

Through such scenes as these, and with a store of delightful memories, we steamed down the Rio Grande and back to the "Ingalls," which lay at anchor at the river's mouth.

That night I got another drenching from a sudden downpour of rain as I lay sleeping on the uncovered steps of the transport, our course headed for Zamboanga.

Old and battle-scarred, the grim Spanish fortress frowns defiance at the approaching vessel, but the hospitality which now dwells within the town, garrisoned by American soldiers, proclaims the visage of the fortress to be a liar and a fraud. Zamboanga, the fourth city of the Philippines in size, is a cheerful place, prosperous and contented, with ample park or prado,

and not lacking in clubs and other places of social resort and friendly intercourse.

The barracks here were formerly occupied by the Spanish garrison, and the headquarters of General Sumner, the commanding officer at the time of our visit, long housed the families of Spanish governors. Here we passed a delightful day in feasting and sight-seeing and meeting pleasant army people, while on the grassy court a military band filled the air with sweet music.

Scudding along the shallow waters, within easy sight of shore, we stopped at a number of military stations only so long as was necessary for the official duties of General Miles, and at many of these points our brief stay was ample to satisfy the idle curiosity of the camp-followers.

Illgan, in Mindanao, across the island from Malabang, was one such squalid village, interesting only because it is a military post and the terminal of the military road which is to connect Camp Vickers on Lake Laguna with both shores of the island. Far different was the aspect of Cebu, the second city of the archipelago, the capital of the island of the same name. Here our vessel steamed in deep water to the very dock, where a concourse of people

awaited her arrival and greeted her landing with lusty cheers and waving flags. The escort of honor which conducted the wayfarers from the wharf to the citadel was imposing, and the atmosphere of the streets and marts was that of a thriving European town rather than the enervating indolence of a Malay village, of the latter of which we had seen so much. A United States court holds sessions here, and here also centres the spirit of the "*Irreconcilables*." Cebu is more than a native settlement; it is a Spanish city, seasoned and tempered in the years of Spanish custom. The dominant element of the population is intelligent and capable of self-government, and therefore restless and ill at ease under the yoke, however light, of a foreign master. Were all the Philippines composed of such places as Cebu, Iloilo, and Manila, the protection of a strong foster-parent would be necessary only as a bulwark against foreign aggression. But the vast populace of the archipelago could never be held together for a day by the weak hands of a local state government struggling for existence itself.

Cebu is the headquarters for the hemp industry of the islands, and the huge hemp presses

and baling machines in the local factories and warehouses clank with the noise of active business, — a sound like music to the ears of an American.

On the evening of our visit at Cebu, a public reception and musicale was tendered General and Mrs. Miles in the parlors of the Filipino Club. The occasion was memorable, and every possible precaution was taken to prevent any impression of disloyalty to American sovereignty. During the course of the evening, some of the speakers threw out very broad hints that an expression of General Miles' opinions on the subject of the Philippines, and the probable policy of the American government in regard to them, would be very acceptable. But the veteran soldier is a diplomat as well as a warrior, and in his address to the people, abounding in congratulations, hopeful prophecies, and grateful recognition of their hospitality, he deftly avoided any remark which could, by any interpretation, be assumed to have a political or an official significance.

We spent only one day at Cebu, and after the reception all our party went directly to the "Ingalls." We sailed during the night, and continued the cruise northward.

As we approached the northern islands, the tortuous course became narrower and more dangerous, and at the entrance of San Juanica Strait, we were obliged to desert the rather light-draught "Ingalls" for a tiny vessel sent from military headquarters at Tacloban to convey us thither. This little boat was called by the euphonious title "Sam Shui," which, in English, means cold water.

Tacloban, on the island of Leyte, is interesting because of its unique character, the finest example of a Nipa hut town I had seen thus far on the trip, and its importance as the military headquarters for the districts of Leyte and Samar, which are separated only by the narrow channel of the strait. The "Bungalow," situated in the outskirts of Tacloban, the famous official residence of General Jacob Smith — "Hell-roaring Jake" — during his campaign, is the most remarkable object of interest in Tacloban, being the most elaborate example of bamboo construction in the Philippines. This building is an enormous rambling affair, three or more stories in height, and of exceedingly intricate design. So seductive was the entertainment provided for us at the Bungalow that our departure thence was delayed until

late at night. Meantime we enjoyed in full measure the generous feast which was spread in honor of General Miles by the officers of the local post.

Turn and turn about, every member of our party was called upon for a toast and a sentiment, and whatever was lacking of individual eloquence was amply made up by the badinage and banter of his fellows. I have often noticed that the man whose wit forsakes him absolutely, and whose tongue becomes paralyzed whenever he is called upon to stand up and make a speech, is sure to be a very genius at helping another post-prandial orator with audible suggestions and prompting, the humor of which cannot fail to penetrate to every corner of the room. Being the victim on this occasion, I make the foregoing observation as a defence, not as an excuse for failure to say something worthy of the occasion.

When the moon shone with sufficient brightness to enable our pilot to direct his course, a dangerous one requiring the greatest care, we re-embarked and the "Sam Shui" crept cautiously back to the "Ingalls," which was awaiting us at the entrance of the strait, fifteen miles distant.

We arrived at Laguan, an island of Samar, about midnight the day following in a heavy storm. Almost all passengers were miserably seasick, and when at last daylight dawned, it revealed as sallow, hollow-eyed, and miserable a party as ever trod the deck of an army transport. At six o'clock we went ashore, where we were welcomed, not only by the formal line of soldiers, but by a cohort of another kind.

Drawn up in double row along the landing place was a throng of some two hundred native children from the school which the American Commission has instituted in Laguan. Every child carried a white flag, and the fluttering of these peaceful emblems in the hands of the happy little folk was a greeting and a welcome not easily to be forgotten and full of "the promise and potency" of better things than the eternal clash of arms in every Philippine town. As we passed through this guard of honor, a cheerful chorus of childish voices rose in well-trained unison: "Welcome, welcome, General Miles, welcome, welcome, General Miles."

This little incident remains in my memory as one of the pleasantest episodes of our Philippine trip, and I shall remember Laguan as the

place where we were greeted by the chorus of school-children long after all definite recollection of the visible features of this dilapidated Nipa town have passed from my mind.

After leaving Laguan, where we spent only a few hours, we cruised along the coast, bound for Legaspi on the island of Luzon.

That afternoon, at about two o'clock, the "Ingalls," which was running at a moderate speed, suddenly gave a violent leap, then seemed to fall back, quivering in every timber. A moment later we realized that we had run aground, and that we were high and dry on one of those hidden coral reefs which render the approach to the harbor of Legaspi so perilous. Upon first examination it appeared that our position was most grave, and that the only possible salvation for the transport would be in the immediate assistance of tugs and lighters. To our vast relief, however, we soon learned that the tide was at half-ebb, and that the returning tide would probably enable the vessel to float herself by the aid of her own machinery. This proved to be the case, and, after several hours' delay, the "Ingalls" resumed her course unaided. Meanwhile, we made our visit to Legaspi, going ashore in the ship's launch.

This town, until recently the fourth city of the archipelago in size and importance, is a great centre for the hemp, sugar, rice, and tobacco interests, and its wonderful though dangerous harbor, penetrating to the very heart of the business section of the city, was constantly thronged with ships.

The recent insurrection, led by one of the most unprincipled scoundrels who ever received amnesty from a too lenient federal government cost Legaspi its commerical prestige and its metropolitan dignity.

General Pana, a Chinese Mestizo, or half Chinese, half Filipino, caused the destruction of the major portion of the city in order to prevent the Americans from occupying the town. The place is now practically ruined, and a small detachment of United States soldiers, possibly fifty men, are now stationed at the military post, doing guard duty over the wreck of a once prosperous city.

The beautiful suburban village of Albay, built in the time of the Spanish occupation, is about three miles from Legaspi. The oyster-shell road leading to this place, the beautiful scenery on both sides, and a living volcano in constant view, the picturesque Nipa huts, the numerous

carabao working in the fields and pulling vehicles, gave me one of the most delightful of all my experiences in the Philippines. We visited at this village, occupying very high ground, a monastery which is one of the most famous in the Orient, and which was the scene of a lively fusilade at the time of the revolution, between the people who opposed the destruction of the place and the followers of General Pana. It is purposed to make a permanent military post at this place.

From Lagaspi certain enterprising newspaper correspondents cabled to New York, via Manila, a harrowing tale of the wreck of the "Ingalls" on a coral reef, and the probable loss of all passengers and crew. As our friends were reading this glowing report in their morning papers at home, we were speeding away toward Pasacoa, Luzon, the last objective point on our cruise before our return to Manila, never dreaming of the awful fate which the Associated Press was reporting in "sensational extras" in the streets of New York.

The little village of Pasacoa on the island of Luzon is so diminutive as to be scarcely worthy the name of a town. So shallow is the water here that the "Ingalls" was obliged

to cast anchor several miles from shore, and even the small boats which conveyed us landward became grounded some hundreds of feet from the water's edge. Our landing was therefore made under the most awkward circumstances, as it was effected in a manner of primitive crudeness. A stoical old beast of burden, mule or horse, I cannot be certain which, was driven out in the shallow water to our boat, and one by one we took turns astride his bony back, coming thus ashore. While some of our party were indulging in this doubtful sport, an old Doherty, the only wagon which the town afforded, conveyed the general ashore in a manner a trifle less spectacular but not particularly more comfortable. When at last we stood high and dry on the sandy beach, surrounded by the populace of the village and the neighboring country, we found ourselves, for the first time in our entire tour of the Philippine military stations, evidently unexpected, and unprovided with military escort. The news of our intended visit had not yet been received at the post of Nueva Carreras, fifteen miles distant, and our arrival was premature. The telephone which connects the station with the coast town was soon put into

active service, and the news of our arrival made known to the garrison. Then we learned that the recent storms had destroyed the bridges, and had rendered the roadway from Pasacoa impassable for horses. It would therefore be impossible for our party to make the trip by any means other than sedan-chairs borne on the stalwart shoulders of sure-footed native carriers.

This news filled the hearts of the villagers with unconcealed delight, affording promise of a day of lucrative employment for a large proportion of the male element of the population of Pasacoa. In a trice there appeared half a score of these picturesque conveyances, swinging free on their long flexible handles between the human horses who beamed in gleeful anticipation of the job before them.

This was, for most of us, the first sight of a sedan-chair as an object of actual utility. And here too, for the only time in my acquaintance with General Miles, did I see that resolute soldier abandon, uncompleted, an enterprise upon which he had determined.

In vain did the native chairmen beg and implore him for the honor of being permitted to carry his excellency in their pendant cars.

General Miles refused to permit himself to be carried on the shoulders of a fellow-man. That element in his moral make-up which has been so many times the cause of his being misinterpreted, that inflexible resoluteness which makes it impossible for the man to make compromise with what is abhorrent to his ethical sense, — reasonable or unreasonable, — that attribute of Miles the man asserted itself with impregnable steadfastness. "I should be ashamed to look a fellow-man in the face were I to permit myself to use him first as a beast of burden." Such was the general's ultimatum, and to it he stood. Our trip to the post was abandoned, and we returned to the "Ingalls," leaving a disappointed and mystified throng of natives on the beach, wondering why General Miles would not give their men the privilege of a good day's work.

The episode impressed me strongly as throwing a side-light on the character of General Miles, and illuminating certain phases of his public career and official actions which in another man would be inexplicable. Miles is sometimes open to the charge of "standing so straight that he leans backward," and many

of the enemies that he has made for himself have been made by this same moral earnestness misunderstood.

Later, in our travels in China, where the sedan-chair is the universal mode of conveyance, and where to employ a beast for any work which a man could perform, thus robbing labor of its right to live, would be a crime against the laws of the land, General Miles unbent from his stand at Pasacoa. But I never saw him enter a chair without a look of ill-concealed revulsion and self-humiliation.

The journey from Pasacoa to Manila was accomplished in a night, and at half-past nine, on the morning of November 24th, we anchored again in Manila harbor. After the quarantine authorities had pronounced us to be sound and free from taint of any sickness worse than that of the sea, we disembarked, and our party again divided, each member going whither he would or where his hospitable friends decreed. From this time until the end of our visit I was the guest of Governor and Mrs. Taft at the palace of the Malacannan.

Of all the public functions held in honor of General Miles and Mrs. Miles, none excelled the reception at the Army and Navy Club at Manila

on the evening of November 25th. The illumination of the buildings and court, the orchestral concert, the dinner, the dancing, and the fraternal good-will which pervaded all, rendered the occasion more delightful than formal, more personal than official.

By proclamation of the governor, the last Thursday of November was made a holiday of Thanksgiving, and all Manila regaled itself with turkey dinners and a wholesale feasting, very much the same as we do in the States. The race-track furnished a substitute for intercollegiate football games, and the day was altogether delightful. In the morning all church denominations were invited to take part in the union services in the Pentecost Tabernacle, a great public hall. The services were entirely nonsectarian, and the congregational singing of old and familiar hymns was one of the most prominent features of this meeting. Ministers representing the Episcopal Church, the Methodist, and the Baptist were present on the platform and spoke briefly to the congregation, as did Aglipay the founder of the proposed Philippine Catholic Church.

In the evening Major and Mrs. Allen gave an old-fashioned American dinner-party at the

Old Spanish Gate, Subig Bay, Luzon

Bungalow, where we toasted our country and our friends across the sea.

The twenty-ninth of November was busy with preparations for our final departure from the Philippines. From early morning till evening we were hurrying about making purchases and attending to the arrangements for our baggage and bidding farewell to friends. This evening Governor and Mrs. Taft gave a beautiful dinner at the Malacannan Palace in honor of the commander of the German warship "Hertha" at anchor in the bay.

Before midnight, we bade good-bye to Governor and Mrs. Taft, and hurried to meet General and Mrs. Miles at Estada Major, where we took the steam launch to the "Ingalls," waiting our arrival in the harbor.

Here we were greeted with a "real surprise party." A crowd of the younger officers stationed at Manila, with many ladies, had taken possession of the decks. We danced, sang, and made merry until the "wee sma' hours." After our last guests had departed, we heard them singing farewell from the small boats as the "Ingalls" weighed anchor and headed for Subig Bay.

The terrific havoc wrought by the guns of

the "Charleston" at Subig Bay is not to be obliterated in a day, and at the time of our visit the place bore the aspect of desolation and ruin. The steel mills and armory upon which the Spanish forces were so dependent for munitions of war furnished the principal target for the American guns, and their fate was little less than complete annihilation.

The "Ingalls" was never designed as an ocean-liner destined for service on the open seas. Nor was the Chinese Sea designed by nature as a pleasant cruising ground for light-built yacht-like vessels. My recollections of the trip from Subig Bay to Hong-Kong are not to be enjoyed with keen relish. The sea alternated between spells of choppy, rough, and squally ill-temper and nauseating rolls and undulations in which there was no poetry and much discomfort. The "Ingalls" was game, though ill-suited to the task before her, and she forged steadily ahead through bad seas, and most of the time herself a dripping, drenched, and miserable spectacle. The decks were, of course, untenable, and life within the confines of the cabin, ineffectually sealed against the encroachments of the ocean, was far from pleasant. Few of our members escaped the agonies of seasick-

ness, aggravated by the disgusting condition of being perpetually drenched by the brine which forced its way into the very cabin. In this manner we came across the Chinese Sea, and the second of December we hove to at Hong-Kong.

HONG-KONG

THE spectacle which greets the sea-weary traveller entering the port of Hong-Kong is marvellous.

The greatness of Britain and the genius of the Anglo-Saxon are nowhere in the world more remarkably exemplified than here in the London of the Orient. Hong-Kong presents the aspect of a great European city set down in the ancient land of the Mongolians. The harbor is thronged with merchant vessels from all parts of the civilized world, and cruisers from the navies of half a dozen nations flaunt their national banners to the wind. The town itself is noisy with the hurrying feet of busy thousands, and it echoes with voices speaking a score of different dialects. Either Sikhs or Bengals, British East Indians, enlisted soldiers in the British army, do police duty in native uniforms of their old campaigns; along the asphalt streets sped the jinrikisha men dragging their fares, with nimble skill and despatch, and

dodging deftly among the sedan-chairs which share with them here a monopoly of the common-carriers industry. Here an imposing retinue of gorgeous-liveried servants have a sedan-chair bearing a crest and coronet, and the rabble gave way for this scion of the aristocracy. Yonder jinrikisha which spins along at such a rapid rate, propelled by a "pusher" behind as well as the "puller" in front, conveys a noted surgeon on an emergency call to the hospital, the short, sharp cry of his first runner clearing a path through the crowd of slower-moving passengers upon the streets.

At the entrance to every hotel and public place, long rows of jinrikishas and sedan-chairs stand in wait for the passengers, while their operators assail every pedestrian with clamorous bids for patronage. So steep are the streets of Hong-Kong that horses and other quadrupeds of burden are nowhere in use, the sinews and brawn of human beings furnishing the motive power for all conveyances.

The hotel at which we stopped stands almost directly across the street from the landing place, and in easy access of the principal points of interest. The service here was fairly good, and

our comfort was as complete as it could have been in the usual European or American hotel.

Shortly after our arrival at Hong-Kong, the secretary of Sir Alfred Blake, the governor of the colony, called upon General and Mrs. Miles at the hotel, and invited our party to "tiffin" or midday luncheon at the governor's residence, an invitation which we were most glad to accept.

The state in which Governor Blake was conveyed through the streets of Hong-Kong was no less splendid than picturesque. His open chair was of the most exquisite manufacture, royal in its elegance. Between the handles, before and aft, a quartette of Chinese bearers, huge, powerful giants, resplendent in gorgeous liveries and moving in perfect unison, ambled smoothly and swiftly, while every other vehicle gave the right of way to the governor's conveyance, as we in America make way for a fire-engine.

The trip to Governor Blake's tiffin gave me my first experience with the sedan-chair as a means of conveyance. As I took my seat I was unable to deny to myself certain qualms of conscience at the idea of allowing myself, and I am not a featherweight, to be carried by two

men, neither of whom appeared to be of physical proportions at all commensurate with my own. But when I saw how easily their spare, sinewy limbs straightened themselves to their task, and how lightly they trotted off, bearing me like a baby in a baby-jumper, I gave myself over completely to the enjoyment of the novel sensation.

Along the Queen's Road we swung, where the shops are gay and beautiful with the products of the Orient, articles of bronze and mosaic, of lace and tapestry and silk. The sandals of our Oriental steeds patted rhythmically on the hard pavements, the muscles of their lean legs working like a series of tough leather thongs. We passed within a stone's throw of the inclined plane railroad which runs from the lower town to the top of the mountain, the crest of which is the fashionable residence district and most comfortable place to live, as it is cooler in summer, along the sides of which the city struggles upward, thinning as it rises higher, like the forests on the sides of the huge cliffs of the Alps or Sierras. But our chairmen kept to the winding road, steep and precipitous, which creeps serpent-like up to the mountain slope. And thus we came to the residence of

Governor Blake, a veritable Italian villa, nestling on the side of the mountain and overlooking the most magnificent harbor-view in all the world. Spreading out before us like a vast panorama lay the harbor of Hong-Kong, sheltering a myriad of ships which rode lazily at anchor or moved, swan-like, in and out the bay. Nearer, at our feet, the British city crowded to the very water's edge, substantial, dignified. At one side of this scene, the ancient Chinese settlement, dense, intricate, with quaint peaked roofs, lay basking in the sunlight, while the hills and green glades furnished the fairest conceivable setting for the picture.

Our reception at the home of Governor Blake was most delightful. Lady Blake and her daughters welcomed our party with the hospitable graciousness which distinguishes the ladies of England everywhere.

Returning to the hotel that evening we again commented upon the evident transcendency of the United Kingdom as the colonizing nation of the world. For after all, the greatest thing about Hong-Kong is not that it is rich or large or beautiful, but that, even though it stands within one hundred miles of Canton, the city of horrors, *it is English to the core.*

An Unofficial Attaché

On the second day of our brief visit at Hong-Kong, Admiral Robley Evans, "Fighting Bob," as he is familiarly dubbed by his admirers, called upon General Miles, extending the greetings of our naval forces in the Orient to the representative of the army.

HONG-KONG TO CANTON

A BRITISH steamship company operates a line of boats which ply daily between Hong-Kong and Canton, a ten-hour run up the Pearl River. On the evening of December 4th, our pilgrim band took quarters in the cabin of one of these huge steamboats for the ninety-mile side-trip, a journey which was destined to reveal to us a condition of horror and of brutal degradation such as were inconceivable to one who has not penetrated into the China of the Chinese.

The cabin accommodations of this vessel were excellent, and its provisions for our comfort were lacking in no essential; but on the lower deck a horde of gibbering Mongolians made night hideous. Hundreds of these yellow-skinned Orientals were crowded into the confines of an area reserved for their race, where there was neither bed, nor chair, nor any appointment for comfort or for rest other than the bare floor. So numerous were the passen-

gers here that, moving about as they did, they appeared as a great swarming mass of animals caged for shipment to stockyard or place of slaughter. Those who would sleep, crouched upon the floor as best they could, or leaned against the railing, snatching what slumber they might from the babel about them. Every boat from Canton to Hong-Kong, or the reverse, bears its squalid horde of Chinamen, dirty, stoical, and ugly, and this flux and reflux of a human tide goes on from day to day, and from year's end to year's end. The quarters reserved for the white passengers are a precinct inviolate for the Mongol, and to which no wealth of native merchant can buy access as long as his skin remains yellow and his eyes three-cornered.

With a traveller's curiosity, I endeavored to find my way to the Chinese deck, to observe what was to be seen of the Celestial in his own preserves. When I found the doorway leading to this department of the boat, it was securely bolted, and an officer politely informed me that under no circumstances could any person other than a Chinese be admitted to the lower deck. The regulation is not only a matter of convenience in the conduct of the vessel, but, as

I soon learned, a necessary regulation. So keen is the Chinese hatred for the foreign devils that no one whose skin or whose garb proclaims an origin other than that of China is ever safe, when unprotected, amidst a throng of these fanatics.

Our state-rooms were clean and comfortable, and sleep was not hard to woo that night. But before daybreak I was startled by a very pandemonium of noises, shrill, eager, and excited, which seemed to be rising from the river, and mingling with the re-awakening confusion of the lower deck. Then, though unable to see anything from my berth, and though our boat was still in motion, I felt, somehow, inexplicably convinced that there was commotion in our boat, and that people were hurrying on and off the vessel. Hurriedly dressing, I ran out on deck and looked down upon a scene the like of which I had never beheld before, and I probably shall never look upon again. We were moving slowly toward our dock in the ancient city of Canton. Upon the misty gray surface of the Pearl River about our boat surged and swarmed a myriad of quaint-hooded row-boats, — sampans, as they are called by the natives. So numerous was the host that it

was impossible to even hazard a guess at their number. The river was black with them, and our boat was obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, creeping among them like a captive in order not to submerge some of them at every turn of her paddle. These ungainly craft vied with one another in eager efforts to secure places of vantage at the very edge of our boat, their proprietors struggling and crowding, jabbering (doubtless profanely), making bargains with passengers on the Chinese deck to haul freight or luggage to destinations at other points along the river front from the landing place. So keen was this cut-throat competition for business that now and again, as opportunity presented, some raw-boned biped of unspeakable ugliness would clamber from his sampan onto the very deck of the steamer, seizing and endeavoring to transfer to his own small craft such baggage as he could convince the passenger would be best delivered by his trusty transfer boat. The babel of tongues, the noises of shifting heavy boxes and bales, the impact of boat against boat, sampan against sampan, all combined to make a medley of discord, — a veritable open box of Pandora.

It is estimated that between fifty thousand

and sixty thousand people live in these sampans on the river at Canton, many of whom are born there, live there, and die there, without so much as ever penetrating farther than a stone's throw from the shore. How it is possible for human life to be sustained in such environment, cramped, filthy, damp, unstable, it is difficult to comprehend. But all China is a mystery, — a horrible, ugly, pestilent, stinking, polluted cesspool of misery, and yet a mystery more baffling than the riddle of the Sphinx.

Upon our arrival at the crowded landing place, we were met by United States Vice-Consul Langhorn, with chairs and bearers for our entire party. Taking our places in the bamboo sedans, we set out for a day of sight-seeing. The congested condition of the populace on the river was no whit less dense in the city proper. The streets are so narrow that two chairs can pass each other only with the greatest difficulty, both parties hugging as close as possible against the dirty house fronts which wall the labyrinthian maze. From every doorway, from every window, and at the entrance to every alley, swarms of Mongolians scowl upon us, abusing the "foreign devils," and cursing them in the name of every god and

demon in the celestial hierarchy. Every few paces some ill-favored Chinese, more bold and defiant than his fellows, spits at us, with ugly grimaces and gestures of hatred and contempt, while his admirers jabber and gesticulate approval.

Over the threshold of every door, or safe within the squalid shelter of the vestibule, stands the household shrine, sacred to the spirits of departed ancestors and propitious to the gods of the family, inviolate to the evil spells of demons, fiends, and spirits of darkness. At every shrine burns the undying flame of sacrificial offering, — a tiny flickering lamp which is never permitted to go out.

The odors which assail our nostrils as we pass along the canyon-like streets are nauseating with composite elements of filth and food, of merchandise and incense, opium, gin, and the offal of chickens and domestic animals. Evidences of disease and scourge, of the ravages of small-pox and a hundred kindred plagues which flourish where there is no cleanliness, shock us at every turn and make us recoil from their revolting ravages. In Canton, human life seems to be held in little more esteem than the lives of dogs and cats. The body of a pauper or of an

executed criminal is carrion. The flesh of rats and dogs may be utilized for human food. An exhibition of the horror of Chinese civilization was revealed to us as we passed along the main street of Canton.

Drawing near a little court or area which opens off a market-place in the very business heart of the city, we were disgusted at the odor of blood which at this place added its redolence to the omnipresent "slum smell" of the city. A moment later our guides were walking on the pavement literally flooded with blood, and at the entrance to the little court-yard we saw two tarpaulins spread over heaps of oozing carrion. With no less concern than if he were uncovering a side of beef in the market stall, one of our guides lifted the cover off the carcasses, and, to the horror of those who looked, a human head, dislodged from the pile of which it was but a unit, rolled down and on to the open pavement.

The gruesome sight was enough to unnerve a ghoul, but the wholesale slaughter which these screens concealed was almost incredible to those of us who looked, and with our own eyes counted twenty-two cadavers in one heap and their severed heads in another.

Only a few hours before our arrival these wretches had been led out into the public square, their hands tied behind their backs, and, kneeling down in attitude of prayer, had bowed their necks for the keen edge of the sword of the executioner. All criminals at Canton are executed publicly, and the mode of dealing out death is made as horrible as possible on the old old theory that example of torture and mutilation will act as a deterrent of crime. But the fiendish atrocities practised upon the law-breakers, "slicing," or gradual dismemberment of the living, choking, flaying alive, beating to death, and the many other forms of torture ingenious in its fiendishness of conception, seem only to inure the populace to the sight of horrors, and to make public executions occasions of excitement and thrilling entertainment for the curious and idle. The crowds which pause in their course along the streets to witness the torture of a river pirate or the "slicing" of a woman who has killed her husband in an opium-crazed orgy, make comments on the "gameness" of the victim or wager bets as to whether death will come without eliciting a groan or a wince from the tortured. The horrible butchery completed, the headsmen cover their carnage with canvas or

straw-matting, sprinkle sawdust or dry rushes on the weltering pavements, and leave the scenes of their morning's work with as little concern as a butcher manifests in the contemplation of a day's product. Within the next twenty-four hours the scavengers will haul away the cadavers for burial, and the sun complete the work of cleaning the streets. The crowds will disperse, and no more attention be drawn to that awful mass beneath the canvas covers than a passing glance.

A Chinaman meets death with the same nerveless stoicism with which he accepts all the experiences of life, and bows his head to the sword with no show of emotion, trusting in his bravery to secure easy admittance to Heaven for his soul. The dread of having his members scattered after death is more terrible than the idea of death itself, for to awaken on the day of resurrection with another man's head on one's shoulders would cause perpetual damnation in the after world. So firm is this belief in the minds of the Chinese that the relatives of the condemned often bribe the officials for the privilege of keeping together the head and body of their kinsman, to secure safe entrance to the company of departed ancestors. The

tortures of those condemned to slow death are also often lessened by the use of money, the executioner either drugging the condemned or secretly administering a fatal thrust before proceeding with his dreadful task of torture.

Only a few blocks from the scene of this awful carnage we passed almost under the shadow of a "garrote," the ghastly face and lifeless body of another "example" still in the machine, placarded with a bulletin giving the name of the wretch and a history of his crime, together with an admonition to the public to take example from this man lest his fate be meted out to others for like offences.

Every turn of the street led us from that which was incredibly horrible to that which was unutterably worse.

Every face which peered at us seemed like the memory of these "things" we had just looked upon. All the vile smells of Canton, to our excited olfactory nerves, savored of fresh-spilled blood, and our eyes shrank from looking too close at any object not understood at first glance, for fear of gazing again on some new evidence of the majesty of Chinese law.

Needless to add, we declined a pressing invitation from some local dignitaries to witness

the public "slicing" of a woman, an incident which was scheduled for the following day.

When I had started on this trip to Canton it was with the expectation of enjoying a treat in the Chinese shops, and perhaps tasting some delicacies in the line of Chinese confections, Canton ginger, or other world's-famous luxury. But the longer we tarried in this "City of Horrors," the less desire I had for sampling any morsel of food which could be produced in the foul atmosphere of Canton. Fortunately for us, we had come from the ship prepared with provisions for our brief visit.

By special arrangements with the officers of the steamboat company, a couple of waiters and an ample luncheon of cold meats, sandwiches, olives, crackers, and the like, and particularly a supply of sparkling table water, had been sent ahead to await our arrival at the *Five-Storied Pagoda*, a huge structure forming one of the ancient citadels upon the colossal city wall. This pagoda, about one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, an elaborate affair of many rooms and chambers, occupies a high position from which one may obtain a panoramic view of Canton and its environs. The building was evidently, at one

time, a redoubt of great importance, and even to-day, after a period of disuse extending back perhaps a hundred years, it retains a certain air of majestic force, a dignity in ruins. The place is preserved without repairs from year to year, but evidently swept out on occasions such as that of our visit by the care-taker who dwells there with his ample family.

Hither we repaired to partake of the viands provided from the ship, and here we had hoped to be, for a few minutes at least, out of the sight of the heathen rabble and relieved from the conglomerate odors which scent the air wherever a group of Cantonese come together.

Our calculations were amiss. The excitement attendant upon our visit, and the native curiosity of the rabble to follow every movement of the "foreigners," forestalled any attempt on our part to be freed, even for a short time, from the scrutiny of prying eyes. As we sat down to luncheon, at least a hundred Chinese, mostly children of both sexes and of all ages, edged into the room which had been reserved for us, and stood, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, to see us eat. We felt like a lot of animals in a menagerie, being fed for the edification of the crowds. They laughed and

chattered at our peculiar and barbaric manners, and seemed greatly entertained at the manner in which we *performed* for their especial benefit. From their expressions we might have imagined that we had furnished them with an hour's amusement almost as interesting as an execution.

As we took our way back to the boat that evening I was conscious of a composite emotion in which the elements of disgust, pity, contempt, horror, and revulsion united, producing a feeling of eagerness to get away from Canton and all that it contains. The excitement which one feels in this "Hell on earth" is like the delirium of a nightmare, — a sense of loneliness and vague, ill-defined fear. It seems to me that all the wealth of China and all the treasures of the Orient could not tempt me to live ten years in Canton.

The "French Concession" is the section exclusively dedicated to the foreign legations. Even this place, apparently serene and peaceful, is like a city built upon the side of a volcanic mountain, which, preliminary to the terrible eruption which must some day be let loose, belches forth poisonous gases, while its whole frame shakes with occasional convul-

sions. The French Concession is guarded day and night by squads of armed soldiers, and the Chinese are forbidden to trespass in this reservation. But a handful of soldiers at the legation would avail against a horde of Boxers, frantic and thirsty for the blood of the foreigners, about as much as a bucket of water would serve to extinguish the fires of Mount Pelee.

When the storm of revolution breaks over China, as break it must, soon or late, the French Revolution will pale into nothingness, and the "Reign of Terror" will seem a mere historic pleasantry.

Glad indeed were we to set foot once more on the clean pavements of Hong-Kong, to go to our hotel and there to revel in the luxury of the bath. It seemed to me that my whole body was stained and polluted by the very atmosphere of Canton. Like Lady Macbeth, I felt that "all the multitudinous seas" could not cleanse me of the stain of Canton.

JAPAN

THE journey from Hong-Kong to Nagasaki occupied five days, — days of rough seas, cold skies, and rain. Every league in our northward course was colder and more bleak than its predecessor, and about the only form of amusement indulged in aboard the "Ingalls" on this trip was an occasional promenade on deck between spells of seasickness. One member of our party, ashamed to acknowledge being seasick, insisted that it was the smell of Canton, thoroughly absorbed into his system, which was the cause of his extreme nausea. This pleasantry was the only joke made by any member of our company on the trip to Japan.

Arriving at Nagasaki on December the ninth, we were charmed with the neatness and cleanliness of the city. After our glimpse of Canton, and the week of rough weather aboard the "Ingalls," Nagasaki seemed to us a veritable paradise. However, we did not tarry long here, but, after a few hours of sight-seeing, we

Bumboats, Nagasaki

re-embarked and set out for Kobe, our course being over the Inland Sea of Japan, one of the most lovely and idyllic cruises in the world. Steaming over this placid sheet of clear water, we glided past a myriad of little islands, verdant to the water's brim and picturesque beyond description. The shores of this inland sea rise somewhat precipitately from the water's edge, and the hillsides are cultivated from base to summit. The skill and perseverance of the gardener are rewarded by the productivity of these gardens, and the work thus performed for purposes of utility bears amplest recompense in beauty of landscape effect, — it is the usefulness of the ideal and the idealization of the useful.

At Kobe we took final leave of the "Ingalls," and, by way of recognition of the courtesies extended us by her captain, our company presented that officer with a beautiful sword, — the product of Chinese skill and art in metal work.

Here we took a train for Yokohama, and, as night was already upon us, we retired at once to our berths in the sleeping-car and slept through the night as we sped away to the principal commercial city of Japan. The Grand

Hotel at Yokohama is conducted by an American, and is managed with all the liberal progressiveness of an up-to-date hostelry.

The charm which Yokohama holds out to the tourist is not so much that of commercial interest, though the industrial activities of Japan may be said, in a sense, to come to a focus here. The quaint picturesqueness of the town, the immaculate cleanliness of the streets, of shops and of people, the delicate coloring which appeals to the eye with subtle magic, the strenuous activity of the Occident reforming the civilization of the Orient, — all these elements enter into the composite impression which the mind retains of Yokohama.

Here we visited the shops and bazaars, fascinating with their stocks of bronzes, mosaics, silks, and delicate embroideries. Exquisite china-ware, transparent and thin as egg-shells, spices, tea, the pervasive aroma of which defies the skill of the packer, and a thousand articles of bric-a-brac and ivory tempt the sight-seer to extravagance. In some of the shops, American-made articles of celluloid and imitation tortoise-shell are arranged in deceitful and confusing promiscuousness among articles of genuine Japanese work. Many a rare souvenir of old

Japan has its origin in America, whence it is shipped to Yokohama, there to be stamped with Japanese label, and re-shipped to the States and to other countries, — a counterfeit pure and simple, deriving a large part of its commercial value from its brief sojourn in Japan.

One of the most interesting and beautiful entertainments which I ever enjoyed was a "Geisha Girls' Dance" at the "House at the Top of the Hundred Steps."

A part of the city of Yokohama is hilly, and this place of entertainment and many of the fine residences of the city are located in picturesque spots on the sides or at the crests of these hills.

The management of the hotel makes a specialty of providing for the entertainment of tourist guests, furnishing jinrikishas or chairs, and conveying the visitors to the most unique places of native entertainment, attending to all the details, and thereby securing for their guests the utmost enjoyment without any of the cares of an evening's outing.

Although there is a good road circuitously winding up to the "Geisha Girls' House," the "Hundred Steps" furnishes a short and direct approach from the lower level of the city,

and adds a touch of the picturesque to the scene.

Entering our sedan-chairs at the hotel door after night had fairly settled down over the town, we were treated to a vision of delicate loveliness, more like a panoramic festival than a street scene of a metropolitan town. The moon spread her silvery radiance in generous profusion over the quiet city. No gaslight flickered from iron lamp-posts and no electric bulbs or sputtering arc-lights blinded the eyes; but over the doorways of many houses gay paper lanterns with waxen candles or tiny oil cups with floating wicks glowed, many-colored, soft, and beautiful. Swinging from the poles of sedan-chairs and jinrikishas, hundreds of these mellow beacons flittered hither and thither in unending mazes, like will-o'-the-wisps. With our dim lanterns glowing before us, we mingled in the throng and our carriers were soon climbing the "Hundred Steps of the Geisha Girls."

At the door of this low rambling house, a place more like a large private residence than a public resort, we were met by the mistress of the place, an elderly little woman who conducts the establishment here and seems to act

both as hostess and as chaperon over the dainty maidens whose grace and beauty have made them great favorites among the fashionable society of Yokohama, and whose reputations are not tarnished by as much as a breath of scandal or ill-report.

Following our hostess into a large, bare room, the only furnishings in which consisted of a few ornate screens and some straw-mattings of delicate pattern, our party seated themselves Oriental fashion on the floor at one side of the room. From behind an elaborately patterned screen, the dainty, slender figure of a girl attired in a flowing robe of exquisite delicacy, bearing a tray with cups of aromatic tea, which, with the grace of a goddess, she proffered to each of us in turn. As we sipped from these fragile cups of china, four or five other maidens, in quaint procession, entered the room and seated themselves with ineffable grace on the floor opposite to where we sat, first saluting us with courtesy and smile which revealed glimpses of pearly teeth and rosy lips. Presently one of these girls began to sing or chant in somewhat nasal accents with a weird rhythmic monotone. Her companions, joining their voices with hers at intervals, furnished a chorus, while she bore

the refrain. As they chanted, a group of Geisha girls entered, straight as rods of bamboo, yet lithe and supple, with an angular grace native to the women of Japan and inimitable by those of any other race. Now one, now two or three, now all in unison, they tread with stately dignity and fascinating grace the mazes of a pantomime tableau, their poses and their movements depicting visually the incidents narrated by the singers. In this way, although we were unable to understand one word of what was sung, we were charmed by the beauty and the chaste delicacy of these living pictures of the Orient. One might naturally imagine that a performance of this kind, representing a legend or a story of which we had no knowledge, and in which there was no incident of excitement or surprise of plot would soon become monotonous and wearisome. But the range of figure of the minuet and the exquisite grace and beauty of every movement held our attention with a fascination not unlike that of music to which one can give no words, but which stirs the emotions and fires the imagination.

At intervals throughout the performance, our dainty waitress, assisted now and again by other silken-robed attendants, tempted us with deli-

cacies. The tiny cups of tea, the diminutive service of saké, choice morsels of delicate cake, candies and sugared fruits, and an occasional cigarette, regaled us and bade defiance to the thought of indigestion.

So pretty was the entertainment, so dainty and quaint and odd the whole incident, that I cannot but regret that the briefness of our visit precluded the possibility of attending the theatres, several of which flourish at Yokohama. The unique and distinctly Japanese character of the performance at the "House at the Top of the Hundred Steps" gave me an insight into a custom, purely national in character and of a beauty and a charm not easily to be forgotten.

With Yokohama as our headquarters, we made several short visits to Tokio, the capital of the empire, which is kept in communication with Yokohama by the local railroad trains running at frequent intervals throughout the day.

Though Tokio is a very large, busy city, possessing scores of places of interest to the tourist, the residence of the Mikado, with its ample and luxurious grounds and gardens, is by far the most conspicuous of these. In this

city too the foreign embassies and public buildings are remarkably interesting and attractive, while the many temples sacred to the religion of Buddha or to the gods of Shintoism attract the attention of the sight-seer. Here a grand parade and drill of royal Japanese troops was held in honor of General Miles.

But Tokio in mid-winter is not a pleasant place to dally in. Too late for the chrysanthemums and too early for the cherry blossoms, the December visitor shivers in the chilly air.

He who would see the most purely Japanese civilization and life should visit Kyoto, the ancient city into which the influence of Europe and the modern age has scarcely penetrated. Here Japanese life is found in native simplicity. On the streets of Kyoto the garb of Europeans, during the winter season, is seldom seen, and we found ourselves as much objects of curiosity to the people here as they were to us. Here, too, the childlike ways and simple-hearted innocence of the Japanese is evidenced on every hand. Though not so inquisitive as the peasantry of rural Japan, who follow the foreign tourist even to his bedroom, and stare with open-eyed wonder at his strange manner

of undressing or of lying down to sleep, the people of Kyoto stare us out of countenance, as with unblushing curiosity they examine the texture of our clothing and comment upon our uncouth appearance.

But, excepting this apparent incivility, which springs from the simplicity of their hearts and the untaught frankness of their natures, the Japanese of Kyoto, like those of interior Japan, are the most courteous, deferential, and polite people on the face of the earth.

The jinrikisha man bows and salaams with profuse deference, soliciting the privilege of hauling us in his two-wheeled car. With overwhelming expressions of gratitude he accepts the trifling fee which rewards his toil, and if the generous passenger chooses to add a penny to the fare prescribed by law for the distance traversed, extravagant are the manifestations of his simple delight and gratitude.

The glory of Kyoto is the temples which lift their graceful forms in silent evidence of the fervor of the faithful. Here the imagination of the "flowery kingdom" has worked with unhampered freedom. Statues of the gracious gods, the givers of health and of life and of sunshine, the patrons of industry, the protectors

of the home and bestowers of offspring, occupy exalted positions in the temples and at the gateways opening thereto. Mingling among these propitious saints are monstrosities of the sculptor's shaping, grim, ugly, misformed images of wood or stone, erected in placation of the demons of disease and blight. Here and there the fat paunch of a grotesque image is rubbed to a polish by the hands of suppliants, seeking by such devout observance to be freed of the torments of aching stomachs or the acute pangs of indigestion. Other graven shapes appear with ear, or nose, or toe rubbed completely off by suffering mortals in efforts to obtain relief from the "ills that flesh is heir to."

"The Temple of the Thousand Buddhas," "Rengeoin," as it is called, is one of the wonders of the Orient. The following legend is a translation of the inscription engraved over the portals of this vast temple:

"RENGEOIN."

In the first year of the period Chosho (seven hundred and seventy-two years ago), in the reign of Shutoka Tenno, Toba-no-mikado, after he abdicated the imperial throne, founded this temple, with one thousand and one statues of

Ewannon, having eleven faces, and called it Toku-chozuin.

After thirty-two years, the retired Emperor Goshirakawa doubled the size of the temple, and placed one thousand and one statues of one thousand hundred Ewannon, naming it Shin-sen-judo or Sanju-Sangendo (thirty-three-rooms temple). The whole was called Bengeoin.

In the reign of Gofukakusa-up-Sumeragi (emperor), in October of the second year of Hoji period (six hundred and fifty-five years ago), the entire building burned.

In the third year of the period Bunyei (six hundred and twenty-seven years ago), in the reign of Kamayama Tenno, the temple was rebuilt. The middle statue was made by Oyokei and twenty-eight disciples and one thousand Buddhas by Kokei, Hogen, Unkel, and Hokkyo.

Returning to Nagasaki which, on the occasion of our first visit, had appeared to our eyes to be a very ideal of picturesqueness, we found that the city had lost its charm. The glimpses of the beauty and splendor of inland Japan had so captivated us that, in comparison, Nagasaki seemed a mere hybrid term, ordinary, uninteresting, and dull.

While we tarried here before our departure for Port Arthur, the United States transport "Logan," returning to America with a throng of soldiers whose period of enlistment had expired, stopped at Nagasaki, the last landing before setting out on her long run across the seas. But the soldier released from the restraints of martial regulations is likely to shake off many of the restraints of civilization, and to lapse, for a time at least, into the wildness of the brute. The drunken, carousing mob of savages who ran riot in Nagasaki that twenty-first day of December did not thrill me with the pride which the sight of returning veterans should awaken in the breast of patriotic Americans. Such a spectacle as this tends only to lower our nation in the estimation of the Eastern peoples, annulling in some degree the good influences which we strive so painfully to carry into foreign climes.

One cannot view such episodes as these without being impressed with the desirability of "mustering out" our soldiers as individuals, and only after returning them to their own home towns. Then, and then only, can the dignity and the honor of the national uniform be preserved.

PORT ARTHUR

THE Russian steamship "Argon," an immense combination freight and passenger boat, was loaded to the guards with a mixed cargo, consisting of merchandise and men of many nations, when we took our places aboard her for the trip across the Yellow Sea. We who, only a few weeks before, had been sweltering in the tropic heat of the Philippines, then wearing only the thinnest and coolest garments of white cotton duck, now shivered in our furs and mufflers as the keen air of the northern winter nipped and pinched us, and the hoar frost spread patches of gossamer lining where our breath touched at edges of upturned collars. The Yellow Sea was cold as the Arctic zone, but placid and smooth, rendering the passage within the cabins far from unpleasant.

The lower deck of the "Argon," like that of the steamboat from Hong-Kong to Canton, was reserved for Chinese, some five hundred of

whom were herded here under the general supervision of a Russian contractor's superintendent, who was conveying them to Port Arthur to labor on some great engineering undertaking. Sometime early in the morning of our second day out, two of these yellow giants became involved in a quarrel, and with characteristic savagery they were proceeding to settle their differences after the manner of primitive man. The rest of the men, drawn on by the excitement, formed into two great factions, madly preparing to back up the brawl of their champions in a free-for-all fight. At this juncture, the ship's officers appeared on the scene, and, with nautical despatch, put an end to the row, placing the belligerents under arrest.

Amidst the greatest excitement the culprits were led out onto the very bow of the vessel, their pigtails were braided together, and their muscular bodies lashed back to back. In this manner, with no other covering than their coarse working clothes, the wretches were tied securely to a capstan and left in the icy gale, which stung and cut like the lashes of a hundred whips as the "Argon" ploughed her way through the winter sea, dashing high a frigid spray.

The culprits stormed and cursed and threat-

ened ten thousand vengeances as they were left here to have the badness frozen out of them, and the black scowls of the rabble on the deck boded ill for any officer whose firmness might waver for a moment or whose discipline might be tempered by the promptings of pity. But, as the hours dragged heavily along, and the resolute stand of the ship's officers showed no signs of faltering, the wretched creatures at the bow of the vessel ceased to swear and threaten. As the savage blasts of the winter gale pierced like daggers, blinding their eyes and bringing a purple hue to their tawny skins, nature gave way, and the savage spirit was broken and cowed. Railings and curses gave way to prayers and supplications, and finally, the last humiliation of the Mongol, the prayer for mercy, was coupled with promises of future good conduct. Meantime, the example of their heroes, ignominiously lashed to the spar, worked a wonderful change of heart among the coolies who had been threatening mutiny. All evidences of bravado disappeared and the Chinamen were like a lot of caged beasts, cowed by their keepers. It was a vast relief to us all, when, after a seemingly interminable period of chastisement, the wretches were released from

their bondage, and, half dead with the awful cold, were returned to their places in the hold.

The episode was shocking to us all, but in General Miles it called up all the wrath and indignation of which his nature is capable. The savagery and brutality of it all he declared an outrage against humanity. But Miles was here only a passenger, and not the commanding officer in charge of the vessel, and his indignation was equalled only by his helpnessness to interfere.

Arriving at Port Arthur on December 24th, we were met by the representative of the great Russian Admiral Alexieff, the "Pooh Bah" of the vast Russian interests in the territory tributary to Port Arthur.

In the name of the Czar they welcomed the general of the United States army, and his staff officers, to the hospitality of all the Russias, placing at his service whatever accommodations the army or navy or the railways of the Czar could furnish. While included in the general invitation to Russian hospitality, the civilian and unofficial members of General Miles' party were not included in the regal honors shown to our leader, nor in the list of guests at the admiral's official reception.

We tarried at Port Arthur only part of a day, and in the afternoon we embarked on the "Zed," a small Russian steamer put at our disposal, and carrying no cargo or passengers other than our small party and the vessel's crew. A warship of the Russian navy had been prepared, but this we were obliged to decline, owing to the fact that it had no accommodations for the ladies of our party.

Christmas Eve, 1902, I shall never forget. Scarce had the "Zed" left Port Arthur for Ching Wang Tao, across the Gulf of Pechili, when a terrific storm arose, lashing the sea into a seething, boiling mass, white-capped and running mountain high. The vessel, carrying no freight, rode high, and as she rolled from crest of wave to deep valley between walls of water, her screw worked to little or no avail, being more than half the time above the surface of the water. The gale increased in ferocity, and the "Zed," creaking and groaning, labored hard, straining every muscle of steel in the battle with the elements. Every gale which beat upon us seemed to threaten destruction, and in the vertiginous whirl of waters we were turned about like a basket of chips. But steadily the "Zed" gained headway over the pathless waste. At one point on this

course, beset by perils in the fairest weather, a great lighthouse, standing solitary on its rocky foundation, casts its warning beacon rays far out over the water. To the traveller on calm seas, this light is an object of interest, seen for a few minutes, only to be lost from sight in a few revolutions of the vessel's propeller. For three hours the "Zed" wrestled with the storm god almost within the circle of light which beamed from this lonely sentinel of the deep. Boreas seemed determined that we should not pass the perilous shoals of the lighthouse. But the plucky little ship, like a pygmy grappling with a giant, struggled valiantly against the storm, and finally we realized that we had passed the light, and the danger of being too close to shore, and were steadily advancing in the face of the wind.

To illustrate again the fierceness of that storm which raged upon the Gulf of Pechili that Christmas Eve, the memorandum from the captain's log is interesting. When we had been six hours from Port Arthur we had covered only two hours' distance from our starting place, and the storm was just beginning.

Though the winds abated and the waves receded somewhat toward the end of the journey,

we were twenty-four hours in effecting the crossing, — a trip usually made in seven hours, — and Christmas day was well advanced when the "Zed," storm-beaten but victorious, hove to at Ching Wang Tao.

CHING WANG TAO TO PEKIN

THE train which was to have conveyed us from Ching Wang Tao to Pekin had long since left the station when the "Zed" arrived, but the "Emperor's car," the private railway coach of the emperor of China, was awaiting us, equipped with every appointment which Chinese railroad facilities and ideas could add to the comfort of travel. With this royal coach as headquarters, and with a guard of imperial Chinese troops stationed at respectful distance, General Miles and his party spent the remaining hours of Christmas day and Christmas night awaiting the arrival of the train.

Time did not move on leaden wings, however, and our little stay at Ching Wang Tao was eventful and interesting.

Wherever there are great enterprises to be carried on there will be found Americans. One of the first voices to greet us as we left the "Zed" had the true ring of Yankee accents,

as a genial-looking, energetic man stepped familiarly up to Mr. Rouse, one of the civilian members of the party, extending his hand in unfeigned pleasure at the meeting. Mr. Rouse recognized in the hospitable apparition a man formerly employed by the M. K. & T. Railroad, of which he is the president. Mr. Brady, for such was the stranger's name, had left the M. K. & T. some years previous, to accept a position in the Orient, and here we found him, the general superintendent of the British railroad system of China.

After the relief of Pekin by the troops of the allied nations, at the time of the Boxer Insurrection, the forces of the various powers that were engaged in that famous crusade were gradually withdrawn from the imperial city, but small detachments were left at Ching Wang Tao to be held in readiness for any possible repetition of the Boxer outrages, pending the final settlement of the Chinese claim. At the time of our visit, the camp of the allies was the scene of a Christmas celebration among the men as well as among the officers. The visit of General Miles was made the occasion of a very graceful and formal exchange of greetings of good-will among

the nations represented. During the afternoon, officers from the camps of six of the great nations of the world called upon the commanding officer of the United States while he was still on board the steamship "Zed," lying at the wharf. The spectacle was unique and interesting. With stately dignity and attired in full-dress uniforms, gorgeous in gold lace and bedecked with badges of honor and insignia of rank, the officers extended to the representative of the United States army the salutation of their respective sovereigns. The Tricolor of France, the Crown and Eagle of Germany, the Lion of Great Britain, the Royal Arms of Italy, the Imperial Checkerboard of Japan, and the Double Eagle of Russia fluttered in the winter wind as the Chinese troops, in formal line, stood at attention while dignitaries of the nations filed between them to salute the Stars and Stripes, waving beside the Great Dragon of China.

In the evening, General Miles and staff returned these calls, and were the recipients of more courtesies from the officers of the allied forces.

Mr. Rouse and the writer started out to see what we could of interest in the curious little

town of Ching Wang Tao, and to discover, if possible, some quiet tavern where we could eat our Christmas supper and toast our beloved ones at home. To our amazement and our great delight, we chanced upon a little German inn which looked as if it had been imported to this Oriental frontier port from some quiet corner of old Heidelberg or Berlin. No people in the world keep Christmas with more devoted fidelity than the Germans; and when we had taken our places at a little table, and called for supper, a waiter, with beaming smiles and Christmas greeting, set down in the middle of our table a tiny "Weinachtbaum," gay with a dozen wax-candles and sparkling with the tinsel trinkets so dear to the memories of childhood. And then over a bottle of dry Rhein wine we kept our Christmas in the German tavern at Ching Wang Tao.

In the cold gray dawn of the following day, the train which was to carry us to Pekin pulled up at the station, and the Emperor's car was coupled, caboose fashion, at the end. A queer combination indeed was this train. The first three or four cars were built precisely like the flat cars used in America for the transportation of coal and iron or other heavy and imperishable

cargo. But the freight in these cars was neither heavy nor bulky, though, from our observations, I should infer that it too was not perishable if kept in a cold place. These barges were literally packed with Chinamen, hundreds of whom were stamping their feet on the hard floors, and beating their chests with their hands, or rubbing their frost-bitten noses in futile efforts to keep up the circulation in their icy members. No seats were provided, and no covering sheltered them from the wintry wind and the falling snow as the train crept on its way, mingling clouds of smoke and showers of sparks and cinders with the inclemency of the sky.

Immediately after these observation cars for the rabble followed a few coaches, "first and second class," after the manner of European railroads, furnishing accommodations comfortable in proportion to the price of fare. Our car brought up the rear, splendid in the profusion of its decorations, but, in spite of the stoves which glowed at either end, as cold as an old-fashioned horse-car.

Gladly would we have exchanged one of the regal decorations which bedecked this car for a few hot slabs of slate or some foot-warmer, no matter how plain or commonplace. All day

long we sat bundled in shawls and overcoats, leaving open the door from the kitchen, which occupied one end of the car, and from which we derived some warming vapor, though unquestionably suggestive of culinary preparations.

About noon we stopped for a few minutes at Ta-Ku or Tien-Tsing, the landing place of the American troops at the time of the Boxer Insurrection. From this point the boys in blue began their laborious and perilous march to the relief of the beleagured legation at Pekin. Thence on again we sped over the snow-covered undulations of China. For miles in all directions, as we looked from the windows of the train, we saw the ground corrugated, as it were, by the unending stretches of graves where the myriad Chinese dead of other generations lie buried, awaiting the grand resurrection of the last day.

The traditional reverence of the Chinese for departed ancestors is carried to such a degree as to be absolutely ludicrous to one of Occidental birth. Few families in America can trace their families with any degree of authenticity for more than three or four generations. Even in Europe, the "family tree" is a matter of family pride rather than an object of reli-

gious veneration. But the very peasantry of China seem to cherish a genealogy which had its origin in remotest antiquity, and the graves of ancestors, dead for hundreds of years, are preserved and tended with religious zeal. This ancestor worship is, in large measure, the basis of the static civilization of China, and the cause of their unprogressiveness. The West looks forward, and each generation takes up the work of progressive effort where the last generation left off. China looks backward, and regards as a heretic and disturber of the Eternal Laws whomsoever the spirit actuates to do otherwise than as the traditions of antiquity have sanctioned.

To the Chinaman, no festival is so delightful, no celebration so sacred, as a picnic on the grave of some departed progenitor, and the antiquity of the grave lends added sanctity to such observance. On more than one occasion we saw the ridiculous and incongruous spectacle of a Chinese family, father, mother, and little ones, making high feast over some well-kept mound in the bleak and snow-covered wilderness.

PEKIN

A TROOP of United States soldiers were standing at attention as General Miles stepped from the platform of the emperor's car at Pekin. Minister Conger, with a party of American officers and attachés of the United States legation, advanced to welcome the officers to the hospitality of the American compound. We hastened to the legation, and, after the briefest of introduction ceremonies, the Miles party was parcelled out, each of the men being quartered on some officer of the post, or some official of the legation. It was the good fortune of the writer to be assigned to the hospitality of Lieutenant Welburn, a gallant young officer who, graduating from West Point at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, won his laurels at San Juan, where he was the first man to reach the summit. For the conspicuous merit of his conduct at that engagement, Congress voted him a medal of honor.

On arriving at our quarters we hurriedly washed off the stains of travel, and dressed for a dinner which Mr. Conger was giving that evening in honor of General Miles. At this dinner the guests consisted of the military attachés of eight nations, doing service at Pekin. The occasion was delightful, the ample dining-room of Mr. Conger's house furnishing a fitting stage for the romantic scene presented by the officers of so many lands, resplendent in dress uniforms of their native countries. Though formal, the occasion was in no sense stiff or stupid, the common interest of the soldier's profession serving as a strong cord of unification to the party. Good feeling pervaded all, and conversation never lagged.

The following morning, bright and early, we assembled at Mr. Conger's house for the greatest occasion of our trip, — an audience with the Dowager Empress and the Emperor of China, an honor never before shown the visitors from any land excepting only the ambassadors of foreign powers on official business of the greatest import.

Arch in front of Main Gate, Pekin

AN AUDIENCE WITH THEIR MAJESTIES, THE DOWAGER EMPRESS AND THE EMPEROR OF CHINA

General Miles and his staff, and the commanding officers of the American forces at Pekin, Minister Conger and the official interpreter of the American embassy, and the three civilian members of the Miles party made up the quota of those who were to be admitted to the presence of their majesties. The military officers were requested to appear in full-dress uniforms, with all the insignia of rank or honor to which they were entitled. Mr. Conger instructed the civilians of the party to attire themselves in evening dress, with white ties and gloves, black vests, and high silk hats. This is the conventional form of dress officially sanctioned for all audiences with their majesties, and any deviation from it would be a violation of etiquette not to be considered.

Assembling at the Conger home at ten o'clock, we found waiting, a retinue of royal bearers, five men to each of the sedan-chairs which were to convey us to the gates of the

forbidden city. Taking our places in the chairs, we were lifted on the stalwart shoulders of our carriers, two men in front and two behind each chair, while the fifth attendant, a captain of the squad, marched before with all the pompous self-importance of a drum-major in a country band. Minister Conger's chair led the procession, followed by that of General Miles, while the remainder of the party brought up the rear. Our little pageant extended in a long line, single file, as we were jogged along the crowded streets of ancient and picturesque Pekin. At intervals along our line of march some of the bearers, tiring of the continued strain of carrying their burdens, uttered sharp, piercing cries, at which shrill signals the entire procession came to a dead stop. The bearers set their chairs unceremoniously on the ground and jabbered loud with the most astonishing lack of formality and deference. After a brief rest the chairs were re-shouldered, and, at a signal from the major-domo, off we jogged again.

The streets were thronged with countless thousands who viewed the unusual spectacle of such a large delegation of foreigners passing to the sacred precincts of the forbidden city

and soon to come into the divine presence of the children of Heaven, — the dowager empress and the emperor. Deep-grained as is the Chinese hatred of the foreigner, the population of Pekin have learned a lesson from the experiences of the invasion of the allies, at the time of the Boxer Insurrection, and their outward bearing is respectful and courteous in the presence of the representatives of the various powers. Especially is this noticeable in the case of Americans, for the government has impressed upon its loyal subjects the fact that it was through the influence of the American troops that the present dynasty was restored to the throne and the probable partition of China prevented. Moreover, in the flood-tide of victory, the American soldiers alone, of all the invaders, refrained from looting and plundering. Pekin, the seat of the government, is far different from Canton, and here we saw no evidence of the national hatred and contempt for the foreign devils.

After traversing a distance of perhaps a mile and a half in this imposing style, we arrived at the gateway of the walled imperial city, where we were met by a delegation of court officials who escorted us across a large open square to

a most elaborate doorway of bronze in the massive wall of the forbidden city. Here all were requested to alight, and the chairmen took their positions without the doorway to await our return, like so many cabmen. At a word of command from some high functionary, the bronze door was opened by the soldier guards who were stationed here, and we filed through between the lines of soldiers, the imperial guard, and into the sacred area of the forbidden city, where the foot of foreigners had never tread previous to the recent Boxer uprising. Within its holy precincts, two chairs of regal splendor, reserved for the exclusive use of royalty, or ambassadors of highest rank, were reserved for Mr. Conger and General Miles. The remaining members of the delegation, together with the reception committee and the royal guard, walked in imposing state behind the throne-like chairs. A few paces within the walls of the forbidden city we were met by the highest officers of the royal household, who marched us through a long corridor to the royal library building.

Here we were shown to a robing-room where we removed our overcoats and made ourselves ready for the formality of the court.

Hence, hat in hand, we were ushered into a small reception-room, where were served light refreshments, tea, champagne, whiskey and soda, and cigarettes. The appointments of the room were sumptuous, but, judged from the standard of Caucasian civilization and æsthetics, too frivolous and unsubstantial to be of imposing dignity. Everywhere was a great display of gold and embroidery, while the Chinese dragon greeted the eye at every glance. But the excessive draperies, the fluttering of countless banners, and the gay riot of color everywhere gave the entire scene an appearance of light frivolity, of carnival pageantry, most incongruous with the rigid formality and unchanging régime of the royal household. We sat about the beautifully decorated table, quaffing the finest liquors of the world, and puffing our Chinese cigarettes, as we chatted with the illustrious Chinamen who were our entertainers. Few of these dignitaries could speak any language but Chinese, and our conversation was, for the most part, carried on through the intermediation of the interpreter.

Presently Prince Ching, the prime minister of China, attended by his staff, — the royal cabinet, — entered the room, and, in the name of the

government, welcomed us to China and to the imperial palace. After a few minutes' delay, the announcement was made that their majesties would receive General Miles and his party in the throne-room.

At a sign from Prince Ching, all rose to our feet and formed a little procession, Prince Ching and Mr. Conger walking at the head, followed by General Miles and his aides-de-camp. After these marched the remaining members of the party, each accompanied by a member of the household staff. In this order we filed down a long, magnificent corridor, through a series of halls, thence out into an open court of vast proportions, surrounded on all sides by the magnificent structures which make up the enormous royal palaces. Rising tier above tier, the buildings, with their massive columns and heavy doors, lift high their gorgeous domes and roofs of tile and marble, which shine and glitter in the sunlight with indescribable luxury of color. The queer double-curves of the roofs and the inevitable elevations of their corners, surmounted by the all-present dragon of the empire, or ornate with fantastic gargoyles of stone, give to the picture a color, tone, and touch of quaintness incredibly fascinating. Across this court-yard

we walked a distance of three or four hundred yards, then up a gradually inclined approach to the threshold of the throne-room.

Within this entrance a magnificent yellow satin curtain, stretching the entire width of the chamber, screened from us the sight of what splendor was beyond. We advanced to within a few paces of this curtain, vaguely conscious of the fact that the audience-chamber was a very spacious apartment, gorgeous in color and of barbaric profusion of decoration. Moreover, beyond the curtain there was a palpable silence, — not the quiet of an empty hall, but the hush of a throng of people held in some subtle spell of reverence or of awe.

A slight rustling of the curtain gave us our "cue," and, as the heavy folds were drawn, we all cast our eyes upon the floor and bowed low, never lifting our eyes to the sacred presence which we knew was before us. Then we advanced to the middle of the hall, where we once more elaborately bowed before the persons of their majesties. Then, at last, we lifted our eyes.

Before us, on a dais, sat the Dowager Empress of China, a little, pinched-featured, wrinkled, wizened old lady with incredibly bright eyes.

Her throne was at an elevation of about five or six feet from the level of the floor. She wore a massive jewelled head-dress, glittering with a wealth of treasures.

At her left, and several inches lower than her position, was the throne of the emperor. A callow, feeble-looking young man, listless and with an expression in which there was no gleam of interest, the puppet emperor sat like a man in a dream, apparently little more concerned in the scene before him than the chair in which he sat. But from that little bundle of draperies beside and above him, radiated intelligence, keen, observant, sure, and every glance of her bead-like eyes was expressive of force, capability, and the pride of conscious power.

Though her majesty was the cynosure of all eyes, we perceived that we were in the midst of a great concourse of people. Standing in solemn silence about us, as still as so many graven images, a throng of men-at-arms lined the sides of the apartment, and an array of functionaries of the government stood in compact formation behind them, filling the long galleries at either side of the room. The display of color, the gorgeous costumes of rich silks and satins, and the gaudy brilliance of a hundred banners were no less

astonishing than beautiful, and furnished a fitting background for the comedy which was about to be enacted in accordance with the revered custom of the Manchoo Dynasty.

Our superlative salutations and genuflections completed, Minster Conger stepped a few paces in front of our party, and, addressing the dowager empress in English, of which she is unable to understand or speak a syllable, announced, in a neat and complimentary speech, that he had the honor of presenting to their majesties, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, the commanding officer of the United States army, etc., etc.

As soon as Mr. Conger had completed his address, the official interpreter of the American legation repeated in Chinese what seemed to be a word-for-word translation of the remarks of the minister.

Following this, General Miles made a happy address, in English, of course, in which he said all the courteous, nice things about the Celestial Kingdom and its pleasant and helpful relations to the other nations of the world, and to the United States in particular. He spoke briefly of the purpose of his present mission to the Orient, and expressed his gratitude and appreciation for the great courtesies extended

to him in his trip through the empire of their majesties. In conclusion, the general expressed the hope that the present amicable relations existing between China and the United States might long endure.

After the general's speech, the Chinese interpreter of the royal court jabbered off an astonishing conglomeration of nasal sounds, interspersed with innumerable aspirates and vocal gymnastics. This we intuitively understood to be the Chinese interpretation of the general's graceful and urbane address.

Hereupon, Prince Ching, as the official head of the government, stepped forward, and, with courtly grace and fluent rhetoric, responded to the remarks of General Miles. The courtly grace we observed at first hand; the fluent rhetoric and the tactful address we appropriated from the lips of our Chinese interpreter.

This second-hand exchange of metaphorical bouquets was saved from absurdity only by the formality and pomp with which it was conducted, and the solemn reverence which the presence of the Scions of Heaven imposed upon the assembly. But the after act which followed this main performance was the very essence of pantomimic drollery, appreciated by

the American actors, but in which the Celestials did not even suspect any element other than that of dignity.

Scarcely had the interpreter completed his translation of Prince Ching's address, when a slight move from the empress attracted the attention of all. With the natural instinct of the free-born Occidental, we Americans looked directly at her majesty as she prepared to speak. With the instinctive reverence in which the Mongols regard their rulers, all the Chinamen, from Prince Ching to the lowliest man-at-arms, cast their eyes upon the ground.

Prince Ching ascended the dais before and below the thrones, and separated from the seat of majesty by a small railing like an altar-rail. He did not raise his eyes, but lifting his left arm with graceful reverence, spread the long, flowing robes of his sleeve before his face, thus screening his gaze from the direct view of those whom he was unworthy to look upon. Then, reverently as a penitent at his orisons, he knelt before the throne of the empress, resting his elbow on his knee, and keeping the folds of his sleeve between his face and their majesties.

Minister Conger and General Miles, at a signal, advanced and ascended three or four

steps to a position on the dais immediately in front of Prince Ching, and a foot or two lower. The imperial interpreter took his position between Ching and the Americans.

Amidst a silence such as awaits the verdict of a jury when the life of a prisoner is at stake, the quavering nasal voice of the empress sounded distinct. Though the questions which her majesty was about to put to General Miles were practically the same as are asked of every diplomat who is presented to her, the functionaries in the hall, and Prince Ching himself, acted in a manner which seemed to indicate matters of great importance.

In his attitude of self-abnegation, Prince Ching listened to the momentous question which fell from the lips of the empress. Then he arose, and, addressing himself to the royal interpreter, he in turn repeated the question to that official, who, of course, had heard it from the lips of the empress, as had every other person in the audience-chamber. But it would be presumption and sacrilege for any person of lower rank than that of minister or cabinet officer to appropriate the words of majesty without the intermediation of some higher being, an oracle, through whom the empress speaks.

The interpreter reverently heard the message from the illustrious Ching. Then he, in turn, addressed General Miles. By this time we were all alert to catch the purport of the remark which had come through so much red tape from the empress to the general, who stood near enough her throne to have conversed with her in a natural tone of voice. "How is the health of the President?"

This was the first question, and, coming as it did, it almost caused us, who had waited with such suspense for it, to laugh aloud. The relations at that time existing between Miles and Roosevelt were not of such a cordial character as to cause either gentleman to pose as solicitous for the well-being of the other. But if General Miles was conscious of the humor and the innocent irony of the situation, no evidence of the fact appeared in his expression or his words.

"The health of the President was good when I left Washington," replied General Miles, and the interpreter passed the glad tidings, though something more than three months old, to Prince Ching. That great man fell again to his knees, once more screened his face with his sleeve, and in tones of reverent regard

conveyed to her majesty the cheering information.

Her solicitude on behalf of the President thus soothed, the benevolent old lady next turned her attention to the bodily welfare of General Miles.

"How is the condition of your health?" was the somewhat garbled query which next worked its tortuous way from the empress to the general.

"My health is good, I thank you." As we watched the progress of this second message conveying the important piece of information to her majesty, we wondered whose health would be the next subject of inquiry.

We hoped that the empress had never heard of General Egan or Mr. Alger. However, the dowager fortunately changed the subject, demanding next, "How long do you propose staying in China?"

The question was a doubtful compliment, but General Miles tactfully assured her that our designs on China were to be strictly limited to a period of five days.

"Will you convey to the President my best wishes?" was the fourth demand.

Whatever charges his opponents may have

urged against him, mendacity has never been an accusation which has been successfully charged against Miles. But in this instance the general told a deliberate and barefaced lie.

"It will give me great pleasure to convey to the President your best wishes," replied Miles, though it is very doubtful whether Mr. Roosevelt ever received the kind wishes of the empress.

"I wish you a safe journey to your home," was the fifth and last utterance of her majesty. With this gentle hint that the audience was over, she inclined her head in formal dismissal. Mr. Conger and General Miles then performed a marvellous acrobatic feat, bowing low and backing down the stairs. Thence they continued their crawfish manœuvre across the entire length of the apartment and out through the heavy curtained door through which we had entered. The remainder of the party followed their example, bowing and backing out at the doorway, all salaamed once more, and the curtains were drawn.

In the foyer, we formed again in double line and marched back to the reception-room, where the luncheon-table was now spread for tiffin.

Not only were chopsticks provided for our use, but at each plate were knives and forks for such as had not mastered the art of Oriental table-manners. Luxuries from all parts of the world were bounteously served in most exquisite dishes of china, silver, and mosaic. The high officials who had attended us at the audience sat at table with us, and showed the Americans every courtesy.

After tiffin we shook hands all round, and took our departure. General Miles and Mr. Conger went through the ceremony of changing chairs at the entrance to the forbidden city. Passing out through the bronze gateway we again entered our sedan-chairs, and filed along the ancient streets back to the legation quarters.

In the afternoon General Miles and his party were the guests of the general in command of the Chinese forces. One of the queerest customs of Chinese official and social life is that of feasting a guest to the limit of his capacity before entering on the consideration of other more serious matters. Having dined at the royal palace less than two hours before our arrival at the military headquarters, we had lost the keen edge of appetite and were somewhat dismayed when confronted with another banquet,

which the sacred custom of hospitality obliged us to despatch before reviewing the troops. But the dinner was so unique and interesting that the time occupied there could not be grudged. Birds'-nest soup, sharks' fins, chicken, lichens, artichokes, wines, and tea, and a score of other delicacies of mysterious nature and unknown origin graced the ample table of the chieftain.

The dinner finished, we witnessed a drill and review of Chinese troops, foot and horse, an exhibition of military tactics of the highest order. The skill and discipline of the infantry was a revelation to most of us, who, judging from the primitive civilization of the Chinese in almost every other department of life, had rather expected to find the military activity of the natives on the same archaic basis.

Leaving the garrison, Mr. Conger directed our course to a place where a steep incline leads from the level of the street to the top of the city wall, — the great stone fortification which, in its ample embrace of some twenty miles, folds old Pekin, Tartar city, imperial city, forbidden city, and all, in fancied security, the impotency of which the recent attack of the allied troops revealed.

This city wall is of colossal proportions, being about twenty-five feet in height, and wide enough for two carriages to pass easily on the broad, flat surface of its top. The extreme thickness of this masonry at the base gives the wall the appearance of being much less lofty than in reality it is.

On this vantage-ground we strolled for several miles, looking down into the city within its confines and catching a thousand glimpses of the ancient home of the Mongolians. At one place we came to a great break in the wall, a huge pile of broken masonry and crumbled concrete. This was the opening made by the attacking troops of the powers, as they forced their way into the city to the relief of the beleaguered legations.

Pekin: unattractive; many, low, rambling, dilapidated buildings; streets wider than the alleys of Canton, but quite as filthy; all carries with it the appearance, as well as the odor, of decay.

Except the several legation compounds, the temples and the government and imperial family buildings, I did not see in Pekin a single structure worthy of being called a decent building, — the one exception being the French

church erected a few years ago as a penance by the Chinese, upon demand of the French government.

That evening Mr. Conger gave a dinner to the members of the diplomatic corps of all the nations represented at Pekin, General Miles being the guest of honor. The affair was gorgeous and elaborate, and in its way as interesting as any of the official functions which we had yet attended.

The following day being Sunday, no public ceremonies were held in honor of the American guests. We deemed it not inconsistent with the respect due to the day, however, to make it the occasion for a trip to the "Centre of the Universe," the "Temple of Heaven," and other places dedicated to the offices of religion and the care of the soul.

Our course lay along some of the principal thoroughfares of the city, and the team of mules which drew us jogged complacently along among the caravans of camels and the helter-skelter crush of sedan-chairs and litters and Pekin carts which crowded the people on the streets. At one place, near a beautiful triumphal arch which spans the street, our guides pointed out the spot where Baron Von Ketteler, the German ambas-

sador to China, was assassinated at the outbreak of the Boxer insurrection. A short distance from this place we came upon another evidence of Chinese law, a sight very similar to that which, at Canton, had so shocked and revolted us.

In the open square a rude scaffold extended its ugly arms or crossbeams, into which were fixed a number of pegs, like so many hooks on a giant hat-rack. From seven of these pegs hung as many human heads, dangling by the braided strands of their hair. On the ground around this framework lay the decapitated bodies of the wretches whose lives had paid the forfeit of violation of the law of the land. A group of little children were playing almost under the shadow of the execution block, and the appearance of our party attracted their attention, and held their interest, to the complete exclusion of the gruesome objects to which their eyes had become so well inured.

From this repulsive sight we drove rapidly to a gateway in the city wall some distance away, and passing through this, we took to the open pike which runs from Pekin to the "Centre of the Universe," a magnificent park dedicated to purposes of public worship and consecrated to the sacred religion of the empire.

Here the æsthetic genius of the Chinese had unfolded itself in its noblest expression, creating the most notable contribution of the Mongolians to the artistic and architectural treasury of the world. Scattered about the ample area of the garden a number of pagodas and temples of transcendent beauty lift their graceful domes and pinnacles into the azure sky. Of these the Temple of the Sun is the most magnificent, and he who looks upon this marvellous creation cannot wonder that the judgment of ages had pronounced this temple one of the wonders of the world. Rising flight after flight, with ample terraces between, their balustrades ornate with colossal urns and titanic vases, the broad white stairways ascend gradually to the temple, which glistens like a carven block of ivory at the summit. Marble, tile, and porphyry, onyx, and agate, red, green, blue, yellow, and white, the treasures of a hundred quarries adorn and embellish this shrine which merits the title it bears. Rich mosaic patterns, slender pillars, graceful scrolls, and a perfect lace-work of mural decorations give to the yielding stone those soft and delicate effects which defy the skill of the narrator.

Unlike most of the buildings of China, the "Temple of Heaven," the "Temple of the Sun,"

and the "Temple of the Moon" are ornate without being barbaric; their beauty is not modified by any undue display of the frivolous or the gaudy.

It is difficult, with the miserable stagnation of the Chinese people, and their complacent self-satisfaction and immobility, to understand how it has been possible for them to rise to such height of achievement in architecture and art. Almost the sole ground for a reasonable faith or hope for the ultimate salvation of the Chinese from eventual extermination by the more vigorous, virile, and progressive races of the West is to be found in such national achievements as these. Here, at least in the artistic and æsthetic realms, China has the germ, which, if properly nourished and given a chance for healthy development and fruition, should some day bear a harvest of richest accomplishment. Moreover, there is to be found, lurking deep down in the consciousness of many a native of the Celestial Kingdom, a keen sense of humor, a delicate and discriminating appreciation of what is good and what is genuine in literature, in art, and even in the subtleties of metaphysical thought.

But the iron mask of tradition screens from the world all outward expression, its glassy

eyes peering backward into the immobile past. He who through contact with the energy and progressive force of the nations of Europe or America would dare to exercise his influence for reform at home, to exert on the decadent civilization of China a revitalizing spirit by which alone the ancient empire may hope even to preserve herself from annihilation, — he who would dare to do this must take his life in his hands and abandon hope of favor or preferment.

Almost invariably those who have served as Chinese ministers to foreign lands, returning to Pekin with new ideas, broadened conceptions of life, its possibilities and its responsibilities, and filled with patriotic ambition to serve their country as they know that she needs to be served, are received with cold disfavor. That the vanity of their dreams may be rebuked, they are reduced in rank to minor clerkships or offices in which they are obliged day after day to eat the bitter bread of insult and humiliation at the hands of those who are in every way their inferiors. Such is the reward of patriotic zeal in China.

On the day of our visit to the Centre of the Universe, Mrs. Miles, Mrs. Maus, and Mrs.

Conger were the guests of the dowager empress at tiffin in her private apartments, — a distinction unparalleled. This audience was entirely informal and free from all the ridiculous ceremony which had characterized the reception of General Miles. The dowager empress entertained her guests in true woman fashion. She showed them the interesting features of her household, talking with as much freedom and naturalness as was possible where an interpreter was necessary for every sentence.

Among other matters of less significance, the subject of the "Boxer intrigue" was mentioned, and her majesty took great pains to impress upon her guests that neither herself nor the government had been in any sense party to the acts of lawlessness which attended that insurrection. Moreover, she affirmed that the Americans and their interests were very dear to her, and that the debt of gratitude which the Chinese people owe to the United States for their part in the relief of Pekin, and their noble stand in reference to the adjustment of the troubles, was one which the Manchu dynasty especially hold sacred.

Before departing from their delightful visit with the marvellous old woman who holds the

lives of millions in her tiny hands, the American ladies were loaded with presents from her majesty, interesting souvenirs from the private life of the woman who rules the land of the Chinese.

During the entire period of our stay at Pekin we were kept busy to meet the engagements in which the hospitality of the representatives of many countries involved us. Sunday evening we were the guests of Captain Brewster, United States military attaché at Pekin, from whose delightful dinner-party we repaired to the English Club, where the attachés of the British and other legations make merry the long, dreary winter evenings at Pekin. The area occupied by the English Club is large, and is equipped with all the appointments which render club life pleasant. The great feature of this organization at the time of our visit was the skating rink. The ingenious Briton had availed himself of the severity of the climate, flooding the entire ground floor of the main structure of the club, and allowing the bleak winter air to convert the area thus prepared into a large sheet of smooth, clear ice whereon the revellers could glide rhythmically on glittering skates to the music of an orchestra.

Monday, the Russian legation made us their guests, and General Miles reviewed a detachment of their troops on the parade ground. The Cossack drill which followed was a marvellous equestrian show, and made us all think of Buffalo Bill and the circus. But the troop of bearded horsemen from the northland are no mere show actors. They constitute an important factor in the Russian military scheme, and are warriors, first, last, and all the time. Their feats of daring horsemanship, their agility and skill in mounting and dismounting at full gallop, picking articles off the ground without slacking speed, or standing erect in their saddles, hewing and slashing with unyieldy sabres as they tear at breakneck speed over the frozen earth, their juggling tricks with the huge rifles which they handled like so many reeds, — all these feats and a hundred more are to them the pastime as well as the pride of the Cossack brave.

The icy blasts of wind which blew over the parade ground gave us a foretaste and a warning of the bitter cold which was to enwrap us when, in a few days, we should be speeding over the bleak wastes of Siberia. We profited by the hint, and spent several hours of that after-

noon purchasing stores of heavy clothing, wraps, and furs for our northward journey.

Our last night at Pekin was marked by a ceremony, the unique character of which was second only to the audience with the dowager empress and the emperor. This was the dinner given by Minister Conger to ten of the most distinguished officials of the Chinese imperial government.

The American guests were at Mr. Conger's house some time before the hour stated for the dinner, in order to witness the ceremonies attending the arrival of the splendid Orientals.

Evening had scarcely spread her dark veil over the city, when among the throng of paper lanterns which flitted hither and thither on the poles of sedan-chairs appeared a gorgeous pageant like a float in a Mardi Gras carnival. In the front marched two giant torch-bearers in splendid liveries, carrying magnificent opalescent lanterns, subdued and soft. Immediately behind these lucifers, a regal chair, elaborately carved and inlaid with glittering gold, swung pendent from the shoulders of eight stalwart men who strode along with majestic tread and haughty demeanor. At each side passed two armed

guards, whose presence proclaimed the passing of a personage of highest rank, and kept the rabble at a respectful distance from the chair. Two more armed men and another light-bearer brought up the rear, as the little procession halted at the door of Mr. Conger's residence. As the chair was set down on the stone-paved court an elderly man in robes of gorgeous satin, which peeped out from the folds of rare sables, his fingers glittering with jewels, stepped into the light of the lanterns and was ushered into the reception hall.

"His excellency, Hu-Yú-Fen, governor of Pekin and chief of the department of railroads," was the imposing appellation by which the splendid man was introduced. His excellency greeted every member of the company with courtly grace and that ease of manner which reveals the accomplished and experienced man of the world. His handshake was apparently as natural as that of any person in the room, and differed in no way from that of any European or American gentleman.

Almost before Hu-Yú-Fen had been presented to the last of the group of Americans, another arrival was announced, and from a pageant much like that of the first Chinese guest appeared a

second apparition, if possible more imposing and gorgeous than the first.

"His excellency, Wang-Wen-Shao, imperial grand secretary and member of the cabinet," was the distinguished nobleman, and he in turn was presented to each of us, greeting us with dignity and formal grace, precisely as his predecessor had done.

"In Rome do as the Romans do," was evidently the maxim of these Oriental gentlemen, and their deportment toward the American travellers was such as would have passed as unexceptionably proper at Washington or in New York.

The salutations to the foreigners completed, however, the Mongolians addressed themselves to one another, a lightning change of character taking place. In an instant the statesmen and diplomats facing each other, became again Chinese from head to foot. The air of formal dignity with which they had greeted us gave place to that extravagant deference and consideration of manner which characterizes the Oriental people in their social customs. The two bedizened dignitaries fell on each other's necks in fond embrace, and in the exuberance of their mutual respect and affection each sank to his knees be-

fore the other. In this posture of humility the resplendent ministers paused for several seconds, bowing their heads and apparently endeavoring to outdo each other in this formal expression of esteem. Ridiculous as such extravagance seemed to us, the limit was reached when the two great men attempted to arise. Each took the other by the arms, and thus, face to face, each assisted his companion to his feet. The sense of courtesy which forbade either to arise before the other, demanded that they show each other that consideration which makes each deport himself as the servant to the other's comfort.

That absurdly superlative show of deference and ostentatious humility which prevails at the imperial court of China is re-enacted with modifications at every meeting of the aristocracy or official functionaries. In the course of the evening we were treated to a multiple exhibition of Chinese politeness, in which the degrees of ceremony varied in proportion to the rank of every new arrival, though to us of foreign birth the greetings were of unvarying formality.

The party which sat at Mr. Conger's table that evening was without doubt the most unique and the most gorgeous with whom it has ever

been my fortune to be identified, the severe black and white of our conventional evening dress serving to accentuate the brilliancy, richness, and magnificence of the Orientals. Mr. Conger, as host, sat at the centre of the table facing General Miles, the guest of honor. To the right of Mr. Conger was Prince Ching, the virtual prime minister of the empire, and to his left his highness, Prince Po-Lün, the probable successor to the present emperor. To the right and left of General Miles were seated respectively, his highness, Prince Chun, brother of the emperor, and his excellency, Wang-Wen-Shao, imperial grand secretary. On the following page is given the arrangement of the guests as we took our places at the hospitable board of Mr. Conger.

Naturally the gentlemen who were conversant with both tongues carried the burden of the conversation, though the urbane manner and easy grace of these gentlemen of the East were such as to smooth over any slight difficulties in the way of social intercourse. Moreover, the Chinaman has a fluency of gesture as suggestive and vocal as a language, — a national trait with which he is almost as richly endowed as the Frenchman. The lifting of an eyebrow,

CAPTAIN LUTZ, U. S. A.

MR. CHARLES SHERMAN HOYT, New York.

CAPTAIN BREWSTER, U. S. A., *Commanding Legation Guard, at Pekin.*

MR. COOLEDGE, *Secretary of the American Legation under Mr. Conger.*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAUS, U. S. A., *A. D. C., Gen. Miles.*

H. H., PRINCE TSAI-CHÊN, *Son of Prince Ching, Secretary of State.*

HIS EXCELLENCY, LIEN-FANG, *Minister and Member of the Foreign Office.*

MR. WILLIAMS, *Official Interpreter of the American Legation.*

H. H., PRINCE PO-LÜN, *Probable successor to present Emperor.*

H. H., PRINCE CHUN, *Brother of the present Emperor.*

MR. CONGER, *U. S. Minister.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, U. S. ARMY.

H. H., PRINCE CHING, *Chief Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. One of the most prominent living Chinamen.*

HIS EXCELLENCY, WANG-WEN-SHAO, *Member of the Cabinet, Imperial Grand Secretary.*

MR. TSENG, *Chinese Court Interpreter.*

DR. HEADLAND, *Methodist Missionary, accomplished linguist, particularly in Chinese language.*

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WHITNEY, U. S. A., *A. D. C. General Miles.*

HIS EXCELLENCY, NA-TUNG, *Vice-President of Foreign Office, Secretary of Finance.*

MR. CHÜN SÊN, *Official Interpreter of the Chinese Office of Foreign Affairs*

HIS EXCELLENCY, HU-YÚ-FEN, *Governor of Pekin and Head of the Department of Railroads.*

MR. H. C. ROUSE, New York.

MR. WIBORG, Cincinnati.

the shrug of a shoulder, the deprecatory movement of a hand, or even the hooking of the little finger flicking the ash from a cigarette becomes as intelligible and as fraught with significance as any word. The smile with which one of these courtiers of China took up knife and fork, setting chopsticks aside, was as tactful a compliment to the customs of America as any word uttered in the after-dinner speeches which concluded our meal.

The tenor of General Miles' toast was complimentary to the empire of which we were the guests, and flattering to the gentlemen whose presence honored our host and our flag. At the same time the general's remarks were guarded and scrupulously free from anything which might be interpreted as an official opinion with reference to the "Eastern question." The toast of Prince Ching, on the other hand, was not only flattering, but it bordered close upon the subject uppermost in the minds of all loyal Celestials, and it was clearly intended to convey to our party the idea that China regards the United States as her closest friend, and looks to America as the power most to be relied upon in resistance to the encroachments of other nations. But the expressions of

affection and esteem which come from the smiling lips of Chinamen are not to be regarded seriously. It is to be feared that truth is a word not to be found in the Chinese code of ethics, and the entire system of government which the Manchu dynasty represents is Machiavellism pure and simple. These personal opinions and beliefs, however, did not detract one iota from the enjoyment I derived from that illustrious conclave at Mr. Conger's dinner.

Above all things else, a Chinaman hates and fears the night, a characteristic which the Boxer insurrection has intensified. Night in China is beset with all the evils and perils of mediæval Europe, and who walks abroad after the darkness has descended does so at his own risk. It was therefore still early, not more than nine o'clock, when our party broke up, and the august Mongolians departed from the American compound in a body, their bearers, light-carriers, and outriders furnishing an escort of no mean proportions as they took their phantom way back to the safe haven beyond the walls of the forbidden city.

FROM PEKIN TO NEW CHWANG

AT six o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, December 30th, before the breaking of the day, we boarded the Emperor's car at Pekin for our northward journey across the vast reaches of Manchuria to Siberia. Our host, Mr. Conger, was at the depot to see us off, and the greater part of the residents of the American compound were assembled to give us a cheerful and home-like farewell. There were officers and attachés of the legations, the officers of the American guard, and a goodly squad of soldiers drawn up in formal line.

And so, amidst great shaking of hands, we puffed out into the cold, gray mist of the dawning day, bearing back to loved ones in America the greetings of those doing foreign service.

For several hours our train retraced the course by which we had come to Pekin. At Tien Tsin, an attaché of the viceroy presented himself, and proffered his services to General

Miles as a companion for the journey, explaining that he had been commissioned by his excellency the viceroy to assume the responsibility of being our guard and interpreter so long as we should remain on Chinese soil. Our pleasure at having this addition to the party increased as we came to know the gentleman better. An accomplished scholar, he had spent several years in America, having taken a degree at Yale. His English was pure and accurate, and his information, not only on subjects of local interest, but on matters of international politics, was of a rare order. During the two following days, as we traversed the vast stretches of North China, we grew to appreciate and to respect this gentleman whose courtesy was untiring and whose knowledge of the country through which we were passing, its people, its political and social status, its history and its probable destiny, gave added meaning to all we looked upon.

One evidence of the strained relations existing between the Powers and China was visible to us at every railroad station in the Tien Tsin province and in Manchuria. In the former, a detachment of British troops was quartered near every railway station, and in the latter

Russian Soldier. Taken at a way-station in Manchuria

territory, Russian forces guarded every station. In each case the explanation given was the necessity of protecting the property of the railway, in Tien Tsin, English, in Manchuria, Russian. Our companion, however, was one of those who could "tell a hawk from a handsaw," and in the security of private conversation he confessed to the fear that the ultimate partition of China could not be far remote, and that he could see no hope for his land nor his people between "Scylla and Charybdis."

At nightfall we arrived at Shang-Hai-Quang, where the train remained until the following morning. It seemed queer to behold Sepoy soldiers at this place, doing picket duty in the snow up to their knees. We wondered if these sons of the torrid zone did not feel a sense of brotherhood for the poor camels who were banished from the sunny clime of their nativity to the bleak winters of North China.

Our train had not been long at Shang-Hai-Quang when a brass band from the English garrison appeared and serenaded General Miles in his private car. Some British officers then came aboard and invited the general and his military aides to be the guests of the English

officers at dinner later in the evening, an invitation which was accepted.

Colonel Maus was suffering from a vicious felon on his left hand which rendered him unfit for social or official duties. As the general and his remaining aide were leaving the car for the sleigh which was to convey them to the post, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney slipped on the sleet-covered step of the car and fell some ten feet upon the iron trucks below. The violence of the fall was so great as to render the colonel unconscious for a few moments, and he was hurriedly carried into the station, suffering acutely. An examination revealed the fact that his back was seriously injured, and his condition was grave. Thus deprived of both aides, the general found himself charged with the care of two crippled attendants. The urgent appeals of both his aides, and the assurances of all our party that the invalids would be well cared for in his absence, could not induce General Miles to leave Whitney in his alarming condition. The only remaining soldier of the party was the general's messenger, — an enlisted man and not one qualified for the discharge of social business. In this emergency the "unofficial attaché" was delegated to

convey to the British officers the information that General Miles would be unable to share the hospitality of their mess. The dashing ride in an open sleigh certainly proved exhilarating. Returning to the train, I had scarcely opportunity to warm myself at the stove when we were called upon to solve the complex problem of our night's lodging. Shang-Hai-Quang is not much of a town, and boasts of no hotels. The Emperor's car, while sumptuous, was not spacious, and no cars in China are provided with sleeping quarters. With Colonel Whitney on a stretcher in one end of this coach, and Mrs. Miles and Mrs. Maus in their quarters at the other end, every available space was pre-empted. The remaining ones of our party, including General Miles, were obliged to wrap blankets about us, and seek such shelter as the hospitality of a well-nigh deserted railroad yard afforded. Colonel Maus, we insisted, had us all at an advantage, because he could not sleep anyhow, the felon on his hand compelling him to walk backward and forward through the weary watches of the night, an occupation calculated at least to keep the blood from freezing in his veins; fortunately, among the score of box-cars on the

siding, we discovered a second-class passenger coach, an ugly, barn-like affair, unheated, and containing no other furniture than the hard board benches which served as seats. The temperature was several degrees below zero, and the wind blew in fitful gusts, forcing its way through the cracks in the floor and walls and about the windows and sashes. If ever we were glad of heavy overcoats, wraps, and furs, this night was the time. General Miles, inured to any inclemency of weather, and any privation of the comforts of civil life, was the only member of our company who seemed to derive any rest from his contact with those hard planks. The attaché of the viceroy of Tien Tsin proved to be a most excellent companion for "roughing it," and if he experienced any of the sufferings which the rest of us underwent that bitter night, he gave not the slightest evidence of the fact. Stretching himself on a bench, his satin robes incongruously out of keeping with the barren poverty of our shelter, he shared our misery with stoical calm. Sleep, for most of us, was an impossibility, but somehow we managed to live through that wretched night.

With the dawning of the next day an engine

appeared from somewhere, gathered together its straggling retinue of cars, backed noisily to where our coach stood waiting, with a bump and clang coupled that splendid refrigerator to the rear. Then, reversing her lever, the locomotive pulled slowly away from Shang-Hai-Quang, heading northward.

A few miles further we caught our first glimpse of the Great Wall of China, that colossal monument, the very antiquity of which proclaims the primal hatred of China for all that is not Chinese, and the eternal resolution of the Mongol to shut himself in from all influence of the outside world, and to bar out every encroachment of those who would bring new ideas to bear upon his static civilization. But the course of western energy has penetrated the very vitals of this mummy land. A great arched gateway, hewn out of this ancient fortification, furnishes egress and ingress for the unholy invention of the barbarian, which snorts and vomits fire in derision of the Celestial ideal as it rattles through the vast masonry partition which frowns in impotent defiance to the West and North. Looking back from the windows of the car, our eyes followed the serpentine course of this colossal folly of a nation, rising

and falling as it threads its way over undulating Mongolia.

All day long we rattled through the populous districts of North China, stopping frequently at quaint old cities with walls and turrets, and taking on fresh stores of wood at every stop. Night had already set in when we arrived at Ying Chow, on the south bank of the Lian-ho River, the northern terminal of the British railway system of China.

Ying Chow, which is but another name for the railroad yards of the greater city of New Chwang on the other side of the Lian-ho, consists of a few straggling cottages of the railroad employees, and a miserable aggregation of Chinese huts. With some dismay we contemplated the inevitable repetition of the refrigerating influences of the previous night at Shang-Hai-Quang. But by this time we were becoming inured to Chinese modes of travel. The English population of the village, however, tendered us the fullest measure of hospitality which the meagre resources of their frontier life afforded. Our party was divided among the homes of the railroad people, who furnished us such refreshment as their larders contained, and though it was but a cold joint of mutton, a dish of rice, and a glass

of tea which constituted my supper that night, a hearty appetite furnished the sauce and British hospitality gave flavor to the meal. After supper, with perhaps a few long, lingering looks behind, we once more bundled ourselves in furs and retired to the bleak security of an empty box-car.

All agreed that the heat of the tropics is less of an affliction than the bitter cold of North China.

Early the following morning we betook ourselves again to the houses of the good people who had served us with supper the previous evening, and we again taxed their hospitality for the morning's breakfast. The day was still young when a Russian officer from New Chwang presented himself at the car which by night served as hospital and ladies' quarters, by day, as General Miles official residence.

This gentleman came to proffer to General Miles the services of the Russian government in facilitating his journey from Ying Chow to Moscow. At this juncture we virtually became the guests of the Czar, our Chinese friend from Tien Tsin taking leave of us as the Russians took us in charge.

CROSSING THE LIAN-HO RIVER

THE Lian-ho is one of the great rivers of the Orient, a majestic volume of water which sweeps with incredible force its irresistible course to the sea. At New Chwang the stream is more than three-quarters of a mile in width, and exceedingly deep.

"Thus far shalt thou go and no farther," — this seems to be the dictum of the kingly flood. Here the British railroad of North China abruptly terminates at one side of the river, and the southern spur of the Russian railway comes to a stop on the other side.

Whatever obstacles nature has put in the way of modern engineering at the Lian-ho, challenging the genius of the bridge-builder, international jealousy has multiplied many fold, and the mighty river rolls unspanned and unharnessed on its way.

During the warm months of the year, the Lian-ho is navigable even by vessels of large draught. After winter has fairly set in, the river becomes

clogged with ice, which, rolling down from the north, gradually masses itself, blocking the channel of the stream from shore to shore. It was our fate to arrive at Ying Chow when the river was at its most impassable stage. The sight which met our gaze as we stood on the south shore and looked out on the seething flood was calculated to strike awe to the heart. Grinding, crushing, groaning like a herd of titanic monsters of the deep, great floes of ice fought and struggled in their mad force. Each moment sheets of ice and snow, flat and unbroken, swept majestically past, their edges coming within a few feet of the banks.

To effect a crossing amid such a crush of ice was manifestly impossible, and the Russian officer who had come to superintend our passage bade us wait the turning of the tide, which was now running out. There is one brief interval when the tide is just at the turn, and before it is at flood, when the returning waters from the sea check the impetuous rush of the ice. At half-past ten o'clock we readily saw that the struggling mass of ice was slackening its pace and resting, as it were, from the ferocity of its onslaught. Then began what was really the most perilous undertaking of our entire trip

around the world, — the crossing of the ice-jammed Lian-ho.

Along the bank of the river a band of fifty or more native river-men were busy in preparation for the fight before them. They worked in groups, each group pulling with a long, stout cable a frail-looking sampan which seemed like a chip-basket among the masses of floating ice. From the landing place these rugged boatmen dragged their craft up stream perhaps a quarter of a mile, picking their way along the frozen shore. Now and then straggling sheets of ice would collide with one of these little boats, nearly jerking the hawser from the hands of the boatmen, and pulling the hardy fellows almost into the river. Bracing themselves firmly, the crew would give a concerted tug at the rope, lifting the boat clear of the water, and allowing the ice to glide underneath it, while they held tight to the cable.

At last a place was reached at which it was deemed prudent for us to begin our passage. One passenger only was allowed to each boat, and four boatmen took their places at the oars. At last one of the boats set out from shore with its solitary passenger seated in the stern, undisguisedly fearful lest he should never again

set foot on land. The native boatmen knew their business, however, and silently, steadily, working like one man, they piloted their sampan among the threatening masses of ice. At one moment it seemed that the slight barge must surely be crushed between two great bulks of ice, but the expert oarsmen shifted her with incredible dexterity, so that she rode broadside against a third mass remaining in this treacherous haven until an opening was formed through which she could thread her perilous way. Bumping and slipping between ice-floes which threatened instant destruction, the brave little sampan finally arrived at her destination, and the passenger heaved a sigh of relief as he finally set foot on *terra firma*.

In this perilous manner, our entire party effected the crossing of the Lian-ho.

Hazardous as it seemed for those of us who were most perfectly able to help ourselves, the journey across the river was tenfold more dangerous for Colonel Whitney, whose crippled back still kept him prone on a litter, in which posture he was carried to the water's edge, and laid on the floor of a sampan, unable to lift his head or to turn a hand for his own assistance. An accident to the fragile bark which bore him

would have meant certain death beneath the icy flood, for he would have been unable to swim a stroke, or even cling to the edge of his boat, should it have been overturned.

The last of the party had safely landed on the Manchurian side of the river, when the guides called attention to the swiftly-changing appearance of the flood. The tide was now returning, bearing the masses of ice back with it, and as the on-rushing torrent hurled its batteries against the encroaching tide, the two floods met in violent struggle. But with every moment the tidal crest gained headway, and the floes of ice, hurled back upon themselves, ground fiercely over one another, churning the waters to a savage foam in which no sampan could have survived.

At the landing at New Chwang a number of the Russian military officers met our party and escorted us to the local army headquarters, where a light tiffin was served, and we were made to feel that we were actually partaking of the hospitality of the Russian army.

It is not the policy of the Czar to direct traffic toward the British railway, but rather to divert all possible freight and passengers from Ying Chow, thereby increasing the business of

the Russian lines toward Port Arthur and Dalney. Perhaps it is for this reason that the terminus of the Russian railroad is not directly opposite the village of Ying Chow at New Chwang, but it is located at Inkoo, a suburb at New Chwang some six miles remote.

Entering waiting carriages at the door of the military headquarters, we were driven through the streets of New Chwang, catching glimpses of the frontier Manchurian's life. Arriving at Inkoo, the Miles party was conveyed immediately to a special train provided by the government for their accommodation. The car reserved for the personal use of General and Mrs. Miles was the private coach of Admiral Alexieff, the viceroy of the eastern possessions of the Czar. In addition to this, three private cars and a dining-car, together with a baggage-car, made up the limited special which was to convey us from Inkoo to Manchuria Station, *en route* to Irkutsk, a journey occupying eleven days and nights. The subordinates of Admiral Alexieff had overlooked nothing which could add to our comfort.

Our arrival at the train was made the occasion of an elaborate celebration, in which the leading officers of the military district to which

Inkoo belongs participated with the utmost friendliness. After an informal reception, the whole party filed into the dining-car, where a banquet was served at the big table which occupied almost the entire length of the coach.

With Russians, eating and drinking is a fine art, and the skill with which a Russian gentleman manipulates and alternates the courses of food and liquors is almost a science. To the average American, the "zakousky" or *hors d'œuvres* of pickled fish, caviare, olives, and sandwiches which precede dinner, and are intended merely as appetizers, would prove sufficient for a banquet. The vodka and other potent drinks intended to whet the appetite would serve to put him under the table. We did our best, however, to keep up the appearance of following the pace set by our hosts, though none of us attempted to compete with the Russians in those accomplishments in which their national genius and the climate of their land have rendered them unequalled. A military band, remote enough not to be distracting, and near enough to be altogether pleasing, added its mellowing influence to the subtle magic of champagne. Toasts were proposed,

and many clever responses called forth generous applause.

When the time came to bid farewell to our convivial companions, we felt a sense of regret that our stay with them must be so brief. The cordiality with which they wished us a safe and pleasant journey to the North and West was undoubtedly genuine. At a signal from the train despatcher, the regimental band, which had by this time taken its place on the platform just beside the car, broke into the exulting strains of the "Star Spangled Banner," a graceful and tactful expression of international courtesy. All the Russian officers in and about the depot and all the railroad attachés removed their hats in salute. The bell sounded, and our train glided out from the station amidst a waving of hands and fluttering of handkerchiefs, and we were once more on our northward course. That no courtesy might be lacking, two Russian officers, one representing the army, the other the navy, were delegated to accompany the Miles party as far as Manchuria Station. Both these gentlemen speaking English as well as Russian were of assistance to us in arranging the details of the journey, shipping and transferring baggage,

and in interpreting such communications as passed between us and the railroad officials. The day of our departure from Inkoo, reckoning by our calendar, was New Year's day, 1903. In spite of the Russian calendar, which is thirteen days later than our own, we exchanged New Year's greetings and good wishes, although the people through whose domain we were passing had not yet celebrated Christmas. The few days' ride from Inkoo to Manchuria Station, through a vast expanse of snow and ice, was interesting and instructive, though the extreme cold penetrated to the very marrow of our bones, despite the steam-heating apparatus with which the cars were equipped. The thermometer registered as low as twenty-eight degrees below zero by night, moderating to fifteen degrees below zero at noon. At no time did the mercury rise as high as the zero-mark. At night we added our overcoats to the blankets and comforts provided for our beds; but with all the covering we could pile upon ourselves, we shivered and shook in vain search for sleep. Another phenomenon of this clime which added no little to the discomfort of travel was the briefness of the daytime, — sunset occurring soon after three o'clock in the afternoon, and

Ox-cart. Taken at a way-station in Manchuria

night following almost immediately upon day, with no twilight. The long evenings thus thrust upon us we employed as best we could in social chat, relieving the monotony by occasional games of chess or stud poker in the general's car. The country of Manchuria is well populated, towns occurring at short intervals along the railroad. The soil appeared to be fertile, and the frequent patches of forest, groves of northern pine and other hardy evergreens, gave evidence of the healthy productivity of the earth.

The roadbed boasted no ballast of broken stone between ties, as do American lines; but the track was fairly even and smooth, and well laid, though the speed of the train was limited. No experienced traveller in the cold clime of Manchuria or Siberia ever fails to keep well-stocked with tea, which serves as one of the chief staples of sustenance. By governmental edict, every station-master on this vast system is compelled to serve boiling water to any passenger who may ask for it. This is done without cost to the traveller, and is a provision of the utmost beneficence, particularly to the poor. Hot water in this bleak region is the great essential, and it serves as the basis of whatever

other and more elaborate potations may be desired. At every stopping-place of importance the passengers flock from the cars to the hot-water dispenser, where they fill their glasses, first carefully placing the spoon in the vessel to prevent cracking. From overcoat-pockets appear tea-canisters of all sorts and conditions, and the air is savory with the aroma of hot tea. The dining service aboard our special train from Inkoo could scarcely have been improved upon, and the *chef* who presided over the kitchen was a past-master in the art culinary. Our larder was stocked with an inexhaustible supply of meats, poultry, fish, and abundance of the staples and luxuries of the table. In addition, we had individually, and as a party, brought with us no inconsiderable provision. The great calamity of this trip was the sad fate of several cases of table-water which we had provided against the possible contingencies of the long overland journey. The entire supply was frozen solid, and all the bottles were broken.

The hospitality of Admiral Alexieff, while it afforded every convenience and luxury, was to terminate at Manchuria Station. Although the government had provided a car to carry us all the way to Moscow, no provision was made for

our sustenance. The personal attention of Admiral Alexieff alone had secured the excellent and bounteous service which graced our table during the journey through the regions over which he is the viceroy. Acting on his suggestion, we took the precaution of laying in a supply of provisions at the various towns along the road.

On Sunday, January 4th, after a day of very rough riding, with the thermometer registering twenty-nine degrees below zero, we arrived at Manchuria Station. A three hours' stop here gave us an opportunity to visit some native shops, where we invested heavily in more clothes and mufflers. Returning from this little foray, General Miles produced a mild sensation by proudly displaying a pair of coarse felt boots with clumsy, heavy soles, — a gear indispensable to the Russian peasantry. These boots were half an inch in thickness, and the general assured us that he never suffered from cold feet so long as he wore them. At Moscow, these pedal adornments disappeared, although we all urged General Miles to preserve them as a souvenir of the Siberian trip.

The express from Manchuria Station to Lake Baikal was equipped with two private cars fur-

nished by the Russian government. Our cook and larder we provided for ourselves. There was nothing exciting in the slow, monotonous clanking of the wheels as we crawled northward toward the steppes of the Trans-Baikal Province. Oddly enough, as it seemed to us, even the finest coaches on the Siberian railroad are constructed on the primitive four-wheel pattern, double trucks being practically unknown. This crude construction renders the cars very inflexible, and emphasizes the inevitable jolting. Fortunately, there are almost no curves, the road running as straight as a die.

After rattling along for three days over the gently undulating steppes, dotted here and there with groves of pine and birch, whistling through quaint, barren-looking Siberian towns with their Greek churches invariably painted green and surmounted by dull copper-sheeted domes, we awoke, on the morning of January 7th, to find ourselves running into the teeth of the wind, face to face with a northern blizzard. At breakfast every member of our party found at his plate some trinket or souvenir, for this day was, by the Russian calendar, Christmas day, and the ladies of our party had

taken this means of reminding us of the festival to which we had scarcely done justice at Ching Wang Tao. All day long the storm increased in fury, and the snow piled higher and higher over the frozen ground. The locomotive struggled, bravely plunging from drift to drift, but making little headway against the encroachments of the storm. At sundown we were barely moving, and at nine o'clock in the evening we came to a dead stop, snowbound and unable to move. By midnight the track had been cleared sufficiently for our train to crawl on, and in another hour we arrived at Lake Baikal.

This great sheet of water, — the "Inland Sea of Siberia," — a fresh-water lake containing forms of life usually found only in salt water, long marked the eastern terminus of the dreary convict route.

In the summer-time it is said to be a most beautiful and placid lake, too huge to be spanned by a bridge. The Czar's mandate that his railroad should run straight was inviolate, even at Lake Baikal; a monster vessel, in comparison with which an ocean-liner is a mere yacht, was designed and constructed with special reference to the peculiar demands of the situation.

Built in England, and carried piece by piece over the vast reaches of Russia, and finally assembled at its destination on the shore of Baikal, this colossal ferry has a capacity sufficient to carry a locomotive and eighteen coaches with perfect ease and safety. In fair weather, this is comparatively a simple matter; but when the whole surface of the lake is locked in the embrace of winter, the proposition is not so simple. To this end the vessel is equipped with an ingenious device for ploughing its path through the frozen mass. In addition to the propeller, a second screw is located well to the fore of the keel, and at a position in which it is never very deep below the surface. The prow of the vessel, instead of being sharp and designed for speed, is broad and enormously heavy, and rides low and flat. The rapid motion of the forward screw acts as a pump, sucking the water back from the front of the boat, and creating a partial vacuum under the ice before the vessel. The weight of the ship being propelled against and upon the ice crushes the frozen mass, thus weakened, like an egg-shell, and the sea-giant grinds its way slowly but steadily through the ice and over the water.

It was long past midnight when our train

arrived at Lake Baikal, where the great ice-breaker stood in her slip awaiting us. But it happened that some accident to one of the piers rendered it unsafe for our train to go aboard. The members of our party, however, were escorted to the vessel, leaving the train and the less-favored passengers behind to await the morning and the completion of repairs. Here once more we had the distinction of being the sole passengers on board a Russian vessel, though this boat was many times larger than the little draft which had carried us across the Gulf of Pechili.

Aboard, we retired at once to our comfortable state-rooms, where the luxury of the bath, after so many days on the railroad, was a delight. A few winks of sleep while our titanic ferry crunched the heavy ice, and we landed on the west shore at six o'clock in the morning, where we boarded a special car and steamed off for Irkutsk, a journey of some two hours.

The Siberian town of Irkutsk is across the river from the railroad, and in the winter all travel thither is by the ice, which renders the surface of the stream as solid and firm as a highway, and over which even the heaviest traffic can be conducted in perfect safety.

From time immemorial Irkutsk has been the asylum for convicts from the penal colonies of Siberia, whose terms of punishment have expired, and for whom all return to Western Russia was manifestly impossible, owing to the perils of the long overland journey, without guides and with no supply of food. The completion of the Siberian railroad is altering these conditions, making possible a more or less rapid communication between Moscow and the penal colonies in the Ural mountain mines. But Irkutsk was built under the old régime, and it retains, and probably will retain until the end of its history, its primal characteristics of a brutal, murderous, lawless, convict settlement.

Crossing the frozen river, we visited many shops and bazaars in Irkutsk, although, owing to some religious festival, there was a semi-sabbath quietude about the city, and industry was at low ebb. An excellent hotel offered an attractive menu at rates of charge which were ruinous.

Being obliged to tarry some twenty-four hours awaiting a train for Moscow, we found the city anything but fascinating. Moreover, our official guide instructed us to return to our private car across the river for the night, as a

matter of safety, the city of Irkutsk being a dangerous place for strangers, and treachery and nihilism, robbery and murder lurking on every hand.

Precautions had been taken to render our train safe from any possible intrusion, no one being permitted to approach after we had retired.

At eight o'clock the following morning the semi-weekly train-de-luxe, electric-lighted and up-to-date, drew out for Moscow. Eight more days and nights we rattled over the bleak, cold, snow-covered landscape through innumerable villages and towns with unpronounceable names, passing here and there caravans of camels plodding knee-deep in snow, with their heavy loads on back. At some stopping-places, Burist and Kirghiz women and girls surrounded our car, offering for sale the products of their squalid farms, or trinkets and cheap jewels culled from the waste of the Ural mountain mines. Some of these latter were very exquisite, spheres of crystal of a soft green lustre, and something between agate and cat's-eye in appearance. These found ready sale among us, and coaxed many rubles from our pockets. These half-mendicant venders at the railroad

stations were somehow suggestive of the American Indians in the far western part of our own country. In type of feature and other racial characteristics they were very dissimilar to the high cheek-boned, copper-skinned natives of the New World, but in general appearance and manner they did not seem to be materially superior to the American Indians. If not savage, the Siberian serfs are at best scarcely more than half-civilized.

At one way-station we overhauled a little band of fanatic zealots, with religious fervor tramping their weary way to the distant shrine of some "holy, blissful martyr," like the Canterbury Pilgrims of Chaucer's time. Dirty, unkempt, miserable beings they were, four hundred years behind the time of Europe or America, plodding along the same old ruts in which our ancestors floundered in their course toward modern civilization.

A TRAGEDY

ACCOMPANYING the Miles party as valet to Mr. Henry C. Rouse was a man by the name of Charles Svensen, a pleasant-mannered fellow, always accommodating, and zealous in his efforts to please. A good cook and mixer of drinks, Charles often stood in the breach, supplying the needs of our company when hotels and the comforts of home were merely pleasant recollections. Whenever baggage was to be transferred from one route to another, or when trunks or parcels became lost in the crush of the baggage-cars or depots or custom-houses, Charles was always the man to find the lost and to start the stray articles along the proper path.

A vigorous, clean, healthy young man, Charles Svensen seemed the last person to be singled out as a mark for sickness or disease.

On leaving San Francisco every member of our party had been vaccinated, and this man was the only one of the number with whom the

vaccination seemed to be effective, though it was at no time so violent as to render him unable to be about his duties. In the Philippines, and in China and Eastern Siberia, we were all more or less exposed to contagious diseases which ceaselessly rage in the filthy Orient, but we all came as far as Irkutsk unscathed.

At Irkutsk Charles Svensen complained of a slight indisposition, but as he was able to be about, and showed no signs of fever or other alarming symptoms, little attention was given the matter. The following day, on board the train, his condition was so much worse that Mr. Rouse, after giving him some simple physics, sent him to his compartment with instructions to go to bed and take a good rest. The man continuing to grow worse, we telegraphed ahead for a physician, who came aboard at the next station, and pronounced the case to be one of influenza, and reassured us, stating that the sick man would soon be better. A day or two later another physician was called to the train, and his examination caused immediate alarm, the doctor hinting at small-pox or scarlet fever, and ordering that we carry the sick man to Moscow, as to leave him at any of the small Siberian towns for treatment would mean certain death.

All this time the general's messenger, Private Bardeman, an enlisted man from the ranks, shared the sick man's compartment in a car immediately in front of our coach, nursing him and attending to his needs with the patient fidelity of a brother, and acting as a quarantine agent, keeping all others from coming into direct communication with the sufferer.

The night before our arrival at Moscow, the train stopped at a station for fuel and water, and the faithful Bardeman, almost worn out by his constant vigil, left the car for a brief breath of fresh air and a glass of hot water.

As I lay asleep in my compartment, the door was quietly opened, and in a moment I felt somebody pulling at my sleeve, endeavoring to arouse me. Opening my eyes, I was horrified to find Charles bending his face over mine, his eyes glowing with fever, and his handsome face one mass of black eruptions, terrible to look upon. Instinctively I realized what it meant. The man in his delirium had taken advantage of the absence of his attendant, and, his body covered with the pestilence of black small-pox, he had sought me out in my bed. Pitifully he begged for some medicine from my

little travelling-case, the efficacy of which he did not doubt, even at the gate of death.

When the other members of the party learned of this episode as we sat at breakfast, the gravest concern seized all, for we had all been exposed to the dreadful contagion. Again we telegraphed ahead to Moscow for medical aid, and to the American vice-consul, apprising him of our situation.

At ten o'clock in the morning of January 17th, after travelling steadily nineteen days from Pekin, and eight days from Irkutsk, we arrived at Moscow. Late as was the hour, it was deemed best to leave the train and to repair at once to the hotel. A number of Russian officers had assembled at the depot, and at the entrance awaited an ambulance for Charles. The poor fellow supported his feeble body on the strong shoulders of his comrade, who had nursed him faithfully and fearlessly through all those long days and nights, with no other command than that of humanity and fraternity, and the hope of no other reward than that of a clear conscience. No others were permitted to come near them for fear of the contagion. As they passed under the glaring lights in the depot at Moscow that desolate night we paused, thrilled

with pity and those emotions which surge through the soul when we are in the presence of inscrutable and merciless fate. Thus we caught our last glimpse of Charles Svensen, who died a day later in an isolation hospital at Moscow.

It was four o'clock in the morning when we were finally ensconced in quarters at the "Slavinsky Bazaar." Almost immediately, the authorities, learning of the contagion to which our party had been exposed, proceeded to take precautions against the spread of the disease. At first it appeared that we were all to be placed in quarantine, but the intervention of Mr. Smith, United States vice-consul at Moscow, succeeded in rescuing us from this ordeal. Our baggage was all fumigated, and our entire party was revaccinated. For prudential reasons, it was deemed wise for our company to disband at Moscow, and for the same cause all the proposed official receptions in Moscow and St. Petersburg were given up. As individuals the party departed from Moscow, and two days after the death of Charles Svensen, General Miles' company consisted only of himself and Mrs. Miles and the writer.

Our stay in Moscow occupied but a few days but these few days were fraught with that pleasure which one never fails to find in revisiting scenes which have previously impressed themselves upon the mind. We had all been in Moscow before, but the charm of the Kremlin, that most beautiful architectural masterpiece of the Russian people, had lost none of its fascination for us.

On Sunday morning an army officer escorted us to the Cathedral, where we were held entranced by the wonderful choral music, — a chorus of men and boys whose voices swelled in a great volume of sound, unsupplemented by any form of accompaniment.

Before departing from Moscow for St. Petersburg, we indulged in a relaxation without which no visit to this city of the North is complete. The sleighing of Moscow is proverbial, and in its way it is unique. The troika itself is a large sleigh very elaborate in its finish and general style.

Three powerful stallions — a trotter and two runners — are hitched abreast in the picturesque harness, with the large, hoop-like shaft-arch forming a graceful loop over the shoulders of the trotter, which occupies the middle position.

Place Rouge, Moscow

Our stay in Moscow occupied but a few days, but these few days were fraught with that pleasure which one never fails to find in revisiting scenes which have previously impressed themselves upon the mind. We had all been in Moscow before, but the charm of the Kremlin, that most beautiful architectural masterpiece of the Russian people, had lost none of its fascination for us.

On Sunday morning an army officer escorted us to the Cathedral, where we were held entranced by the wonderful choral music, — a chorus of men and boys whose voices swelled in a great volume of sound, unsupplemented by any form of accompaniment.

Before departing from Moscow for St. Petersburg, we indulged in a relaxation without which no visit to this city of the North is complete. The sleighing of Moscow is proverbial, and in its way it is unique. The troika itself is a large sleigh very elaborate in its finish and general style.

Three powerful stallions — a trotter and two runners — are hitched abreast in the picturesque harness, with the large, hoop-like shaft-arch forming a graceful loop over the shoulders of the trotter, which occupies the middle position.

Place Rouge, Moscow

But the crowning glory of the Moscow sleigh is neither the vehicle itself nor the steeds which drag it; but it is the magnificent personage who, seated high on the driver's seat, urges the sleek-coated chargers on their untiring way. The bigger the driver, and the more colossal his headgear, the greater is the prestige of the turn-out. To judge by this accepted standard, it is safe to assert that a more stylish equipage never appeared upon the snows of Moscow than that in which we sped for three hours on our sight-seeing tour of the city.

ST. PETERSBURG

IT so happened that the day of our arrival in St. Petersburg was the great national festival of the "Blessing of the Waters," an observance which, combining the elements of religion and of state, is the most purely Russian of any celebration of fête in the calendar.

The religious rite had its origin in remote antiquity, and the simplicity of its conception is as beautiful as that of many ancient rites of pagan Egypt or classic Greece. Even as the native dwellers in the valley of the Nile were wont to look upon the spirit of that majestic stream as the giver of all good and perfect gifts, and to offer sacrifices of supplication and thanksgiving to the mysterious Nile god, so the swarthy Slavs of the frozen North, while their streams are locked in the icy fetters of winter, call down upon their waters the blessings of the Most High. The rivers are the visible symbols of the infinite source of life, their

waters descending "as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath." Thereby the fields are fructified, giving life to the torpid seeds, and calling forth the harvest. Each little creek and rivulet meandering through the meadows blesses the ground it flows through, and the mighty rivers, sweeping majestically to the boundless ocean, are merged at last in the infinite. The sun and wind take up again in mist and cloud the atoms of moisture, to be returned in dewdrops and in showers unto the grateful earth. Therefore, to render thanks to the Gracious Giver of waters is to invoke the blessings of God upon His world. This, in brief, is the origin of the most beautiful observance of the Russian people which, though the pomp and formalism of ecclesiastic and official ceremony have well-nigh obscured its primal purity, is at base as sweet and spontaneous as any rite of nature-worship or of pantheistic cult.

Unfortunately, some confusion in the transmission of the telegrams from Moscow had led to a misunderstanding of our intended arrival at St. Petersburg. In consequence of this, we were unable to view the ceremony from the royal pavilion occupied by members of the

imperial household and diplomatic corps, where seats had been reserved for us. Mingling with the unnumbered thousands who thronged the banks of the Neva, we unofficially witnessed a part of the ceremony.

The great winter palace of the Czar stands in imposing massiveness within a stone's throw of the river. From a wing of the palace a beautiful peristyle extends, in graceful span, to a pavilion erected upon the solid ice of the Neva. The Czar, as the chief pontiff of the Greek Church, usually performs the religious rite of the blessing of the waters, assisted by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, the ecclesiastical dignitary next in rank. Owing to the illness of the Czar at this time, his brother, the Grand Duke Michael, acted in his place. Amidst the booming of cannon, the blare of trumpets, and the clash of drums, the grand duke and his attendants took their places on the platform at the end of the pier, surrounded by members of the royalty and church officials of rank. The crowds on shore and on the ice of the Neva, held at respectful distance by lines of imperial troops, surged and thronged in noisy but good-natured struggle for positions of vantage, and the foreign sight-seer might

discover very much the same degree of religious deference among them as is to be found at a Thanksgiving football game in an American college town, though our national holiday was also one of religious origin.

The observance of this ceremony is not confined to St. Petersburg, but every city, town, and hamlet in the vast domain of the Czar makes festival, the chief local official of the Established Church presiding over the religious functions, and the people making merry in gala-day attire.

After the completion of the formalities at the river, the crowds scatter, hurrying to places of amusement or to family dinner-parties, or surging along the Nevski Prospekt, the great avenue of fashionable promenade. Here the snow-covered boulevard is thronged with sleighs of the aristocracy, — gorgeous equipages these, with their powerful black stallions, three abreast, and liveried footmen bundled in furs worth a king's ransom.

Within are seated the scions of nobility, the peers of the land and their ladies. The favored elite pass on to the palace, where, on this day, their majesties hold receptions. Others speed away over the snow on social errands, or merely

for the pleasure of the sleigh-ride and the excitement of the day. Greetings are called from droshky to droshky, and the rabble gaze in admiration as the vehicles of notables in gay costume whirl past in endless procession.

The Nevski Prospekt and the shores of the Neva on this day present a pageant which is fascinating to behold. Though winter wraps and overcoats prevent the display of gold lace and splendid uniform so dear to the Russian eye, dashes of color are not wanting to brighten the scene. Many of the laprobes are of great beauty and elaborate pattern, and on almost every sleigh a net of brilliant green or blue, or other bright hue, is spread from the backs of the horses to the dashboard, to catch the snow which the hoofs of the steeds throw up in their swift course, and which else would pelt the faces of those within the vehicles.

Five days we tarried in St. Petersburg, where General Miles was kept ceaselessly occupied with official business and the social demands made upon him by members of the Russian war department.

Those were busy days for the writer, but they were the freest days of the entire trip. All formal receptions and audiences had been

abandoned, owing to the small-pox episode in Moscow. I haunted the National Museum, Sts. Isaacs and Peter and Paul, and a score of other places of equal interest. Mrs. Miles accompanied me to the Grand Opera, to the circus, and to concerts; we took long rides, and enjoyed St. Peterburg with all the freedom of unofficial tourists.

BERLIN

THERE is nothing exciting or particularly novel in the trip from St. Petersburg to the German capital. It was rather surprising for me, however, to find that we were the only English-speaking persons on the train, and our linguistic attainments were of no rare order. None of us spoke Russian, and the writer's smattering of German stood us in good stead, as it was our only means of making our wants known to the railroad attachés.

Colonel Maus met us at the depot in Berlin, and the following morning General and Mrs. Miles and Colonel and Mrs. Maus went on to Paris. Left thus to myself in Old Berlin, with the charming Bristol Hotel as headquarters, I revelled in the fascinating haunts of the historic city.

It is not within the province of this book to dwell at length upon the sights of Berlin or of London or of any of the cities of modern Europe

which are commonly on the itinerary of the tourist. My narrative, which concerns itself only with that which was unique and out of the daily course of events, may not tarry to describe the wonders of this treasure-ground of German achievement. Galleries, museums, palaces, and cathedrals, the pageantry of concentrated militarism, the stress of Teutonic energy which surges along the ancient streets, — all these are tempting subjects to lure the writer into devious paths of dalliance.

The particular mission which had induced me to remain in Berlin, rather than to accompany my friends to the French metropolis, was purely personal; the desire to renew one of the most valued friendships of my life, — that with Prince Hohenlohe-Schillingsfurst, whose acquaintance I had formed several years before while touring in the land of the midnight sun. It was through his courtesy that my family and myself had been received into the private hospitality of his majesty, the Kaiser. The prince and his charming wife, who had been Princess Ypsilanti of Greece, were spending several days of this week in Berlin, to be present on the occasion of the Kaiser's Geburtstag, the great national festival which brings together at

the Schloss all the royalty of the German empire.

Owing to the number of official duties and social obligations of the week, Prince Hohenlohe was free to spend comparatively little time with me, but we did manage to dine together thrice, and one morning we drove together the length of the beautiful Unter den Linden to the Schloss, where we were registered and where we left cards for his majesty.

January 27th, the emperor's birthday, dawned clear and beautiful, and with the awakening day the city became resplendent with the gorgeous accoutrements of the royalty of the empire. From a window in the Bristol Hotel, with Mr. Rouse and Mr. Hoyt, who had joined me that morning, we looked down upon a magnificent spectacle. The hotel lodged many of the members of nobility, and every royal equipage passed here on its way to the castle.

On this his natal day the emperor publicly gives thanks to God for the blessings which have been vouchsafed to him. This ceremony is observed in the royal chapel, in the presence of his kinsmen, his royal vassals, the kings and princes of the petty principalities which make up the German empire, and the members of the

official staff of the government. The ceremony completed, his majesty receives the congratulations of his retainers in the throne-room.

This is the day of Vanity Fair. In seeming endless procession, those who were "born great" sweep by. The imagination of the on-looker reverts to the fairy tales of childhood, and the wonders of the courts of "Once upon a Time," the Sleeping Beauty, and the romantic prince who showered the diamonds at the feet of Cinderella. A prosaic American, with the instincts of the democratic New World, regards such a scene as almost an unreality or a spectacular production which will cease at the falling of a curtain when the lime-lights are turned down. The German, with centuries of traditional reverence behind him, regards it all with awe, and as the symbol of that which is most abiding and fundamental in the life of the nation. Chivalry, the spirit of the feudal age, this day pranks itself in all the golden panoply of yore, and the fervid patriotism of the Teuton forgets for the moment the enfranchisement which the centuries have wrought, and yields spontaneous homage to the rehabilitated past.

Gold lace and trappings, jewels and badges of honor, robes of velvet and ermine, silken

sashes, rainbow-hued, coaches ornate with the handicraft of silversmith and herald, and drawn by supernumerary horses, outriders in the splendid liveries of ancient families, — these are the elements which go to make up the retinue of those who do homage to the Kaiser. Kings and princes, fürsten and grafen, and the ladies of their courts, this is their day.

To-morrow, the Socialists in the Reichsrath will kill a favorite measure of the Kaiser.

LONDON

ON the eve of our departure from Berlin, after all plans had been completed, tickets secured, and reservations made, the writer received a courteous note from Count Von Eulenberg, master of ceremonies at the German court, stating that the Kaiser would be pleased to receive me the following Sunday. This signal mark of favor came as a great surprise, my call at the Schloss having been purely incidental. I was surprised that his majesty remembered me, an American tourist whose presentation to the emperor had been brought about through the love of Prince Hohenlohe for my children. The prince at that time took upon himself to present the children to the emperor on board the royal yacht, and this episode, several years before the occasion of the visit of the Miles party, had brought about an informal introduction to his majesty, and the consequent interchange of several purely personal civilities. My chagrin

at being unable to tarry long enough in Berlin to present my compliments in person to the emperor therefore was great.

The following morning we caught a few glimpses of the spires of Cologne from the windows of the railroad coach. A rough passage from Ostend across the Channel to Dover consumed all the afternoon, and at ten o'clock the next morning we rejoined General Miles and his retinue at the Hotel Carleton in good old London town.

How bully it seemed, after those months of sojourn among peoples of divers nations and the discordant clacking of alien tongues, to find ourselves again amongst Englishmen, to hear the familiar accents of our own Anglo-Saxon speech, and to feel ourselves among the people whose language, customs, manners, and traditions are the same as ours, whose history is our history, and whose destiny is linked with that of our own land.

On Sunday morning we awoke to the chimes of London, and, acting on the impulse of the hour, we hied ourselves to Westminster Abbey, to the Sabbath services in that historic pile about which cluster the memories of centuries of English history.

The charm of London is perennial, and the writer fain would dwell at length upon the sights which here beguile the traveller; but again the scope of my narrative forbids. Westminster and the Thames, Piccadilly and Pall Mall, the Tower and London Bridge, and all the haunts of those who from the beginning of England's history have added to her greatness, — all these I must pass unchronicled or depart from the path I have set before me. Narration rather than description is the mission of these pages.

On Sunday evening General Miles was the guest of King Edward at Windsor, whither he departed in the middle of the afternoon. All guests of the king who dine at Windsor Castle are supposed to remain over night and to share the hospitality of the ancient seat of royalty for a part of the following day.

What occurred at Windsor that night the writer cannot report from personal observation, the general being unattended on that occasion. Moreover, General Miles is not always communicative on subjects which involve a great deal of personal reminiscence. He told me, however, of a family dinner-party with the king and queen and the Prince and Princess of

Wales, there being but few guests other than himself. A hand at bridge after dinner, and such conversation as might take place at any cosy family party rounded out the evening. Kings, after all, are but men, and when they are not sitting in that "fierce light which beats upon the throne," they are not essentially different from other men.

One anecdote of that night at Windsor General Miles did not relate to me, and, but for the courtesy of one other guest on that occasion, it would never have been chronicled.

The formal evening costume prescribed by his majesty, and that which he himself wears, consists of the conventional swallow-tail coat with low-cut vest, knee-breeches, and silk hose. In anticipation of the visit at Windsor, General Miles had procured the requisite garments from a Paris tailor, though he refused to give us a private exhibition or dress rehearsal. His proportions were evidently adapted to this formal dress in a degree superior to that of most men, for it is authentically reported that Edward himself, the great arbiter of fashion, remarked to the Prince of Wales, in the hearing of our informant, that the American general has *imposing calves*.

Lord Roberts, familiarly dubbed "Bobs," and various other men of note made our visit at London the occasion for marked civilities to General Miles. But the most picturesque dinner-party tendered the general during his stay, and one at which all the members of our party were present, was that of the Honorable William F. Cody, an American of international fame, commonly known as "Buffalo Bill." Colonel Cody's company was performing at the Olympia, and his dinner-party was held at his hotel at an hour early enough to allow ample time for adjournment to the "Wild West." A delightful occasion it was. The banquet was served in the most exquisite style, and the droll humor and genial hospitality of the veteran scout and showman added a sauce piquante to every course. Colonel Cody, in evening dress, left the table only a few minutes earlier than his guests, for whom the royal box was reserved at the Olympia. A lightning-change artist is Buffalo Bill, for scarce had we taken our places in the box, when, mid the blare of brass, the picturesque old showman, in cow-boy attire, his long gray curls fluttering out from below his sombrero, came dashing across the arena on his fleet and graceful steed. An instant

later the beautiful horse stopped short and stood like a statue before us. The grizzled Buffalo Bill, with majestic sweep of his thin right arm, removed his broad-brimmed hat and in stentorian tones announced the opening of the "Greatest Show on Earth" — "Buffalo Bill's Wild West and the Rough Riders of the World," — precisely as he had done thousands of times before, and as millions of people had seen him. 'T is thus he plays his double part: Colonel Cody — Buffalo Bill. During the performance our party was augmented by one whose fame is equalled only by her beauty and whose beauty only by her charming graciousness of manner — Mary Anderson Navarro.

On another occasion we lunched at Johnson's old tavern, "The Cheshire Cheese," off Fleet Street, which to the present time presents very much the same appearance as when that famous coterie of English men of letters made it their rendezvous.

But of all the wonders of London none can compare with the marvellous spectacle of the city's streets. The resistless energy of the Anglo-Saxon race is typified in the surging multitude which throngs the pavements of London. The versatility of the nation, the aggres-

sive force, the boundless determination, the resourcefulness of the British empire, — all seem to be concentrated in the activity which makes up the life of London's thoroughfares.

All sorts and conditions of men and manners, busy merchants, sedate financiers, the host of laborers, scurrying messengers and clerks, carriages and wagons, trains, hansoms, drays, and carts, here they move along in devious and mazy course, — the most cosmopolitan aggregation in the world.

Prosperity in all things material is evident in England, and especially in London, where the display of wealth and of the solid stability of industrial activity is impressive to a degree found in no other city. Yet side by side with sturdy progress stalks lean poverty. Even as the wealth of the British empire is concentrated in London, so the want and destitution, the hunger and desolation of the submerged tenth is herded and congested in the streets and alleys of the metropolis. A dozen times, in walking about the city, I encountered processions of the unemployed, — ragged squads of from thirty to one hundred and fifty men, slowly filing along the streets in orderly lines, huge transparencies proclaiming them unemployed and destitute.

Those marching nearest the curb carried tin cups which were held out for alms from the hands of their more fortunate fellows on the sidewalks. Several policemen usually accompanied every such parade, acting as escort rather than as censors, and this official regulation of parading want went far toward adding to its ugliness. It was a tacit acknowledgment on the part of the government and society that, with all her wealth and majesty, with all her national and intellectual greatness, England has not solved the problem of the distribution of the world's goods, — the feeding and sheltering of her poor.

On Saturday, February the 7th, our party boarded the steamship "Lucania," at Liverpool, for New York. On Sunday, out of sight of land, General Miles sent a message of greeting, by the Marconi system, to King Edward at Windsor, and within a short time the instruments aboard recorded the answering civility of his majesty. For another week we tossed on the stormy bosom of the February Atlantic, a rough passage, and pleasant only because we knew that at its end we should be again on native soil.

On the fifteenth we steamed into the "Nar-

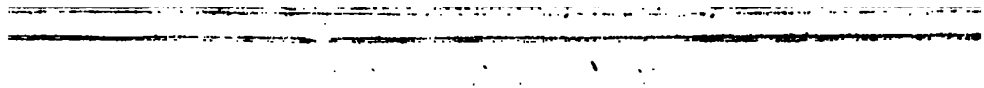
rows," up the most imposing harbor in the world, between Fort Wadsworth and Fort Hamilton. The ships of many nations crowded the anchorage on either side the vessel's course. A moment later we sighted the great statue of Liberty on her island pedestal. Then the beautiful sky-line of New York city, shining in the light of a winter morning, broke clear and beautiful upon our gaze. Slowly our vessel glided past the ancient "battery" of antique picturesqueness, Castle Garden and Bowling Green, thence up the wide channel of the North River, dotted with unnumbered craft and alive with the industry of two continents.

Presently a little tug, a pygmy boat compared with our monster ship, puts her flat nose against our side, grunts and puffs and pushes, now here, now there, now two or three places at once. There is a shouting of signals and commands, a commotion among all hands, crew and passengers crowd about the railing, and in a trice the "Lucania" is safe and fast within her slip.

Before the ship had come to a stop, the writer, anxiously scanning the crowd of people looking upward from the dock, discovered four familiar faces, and the wandering "unofficial attaché" was at home again.

That night we were all guests of Mr. Rouse at dinner at Sherry's. I dare say we all talked at once, and everybody laughed a great deal and was very happy. And so our journey came to an end, where it had begun, in the best country under the sun, and the freest, cleanest, happiest, healthiest land on the circle of the globe.

THE END



To avoid fine, this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

7M-3-54-6878

G440
1.63

Francis B. Jennis

STANFORD LIBRARIES